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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED  
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &  
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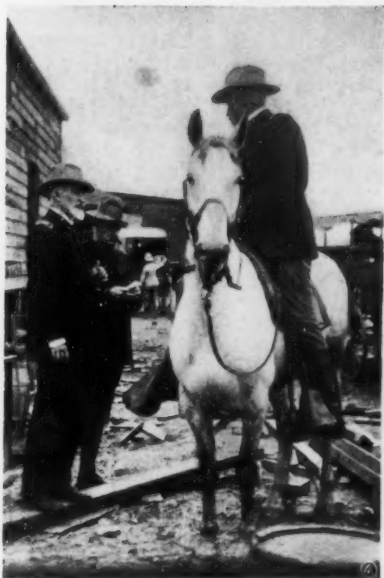


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## CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND

(Photographs by GEORGE HARE)

1. One of the wounded, from Santiago.
2. Gen. S. B. M. Young, the first Commander of the Camp.
3. Sick Soldier being moved from Ambulance to Hospital.
4. General Young (mounted) and Officers of the Medical Corps.
5. Troop H, of the Rough Riders.
6. General view of Landing and Railway Station.

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

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NEW YORK AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH 1898

AUGUST THE TWELFTH will pass into chronicles as the date on which was concluded a war quite as decisive, almost as rapid, and certainly more comic than any other ever waged. No sooner had Dewey breakfasted off Montojo's squadron than from out the scullery the Cinderella of nations emerged. Then came Cervera's great game of hide-and-go-seek, the immemorial joke which Hobson played on him, and the sweet effrontery with which he quartered on that gallant old tar. Before the applause of it and the laughter had subsided, the world was treated to the colossal Camara farce, the chemically provisioned and circuitously conducted excursion to nowhere and back, at which history will split its sides. Yet even the proportions of that extravaganza dwindled beside the incident at Guam, the pathos of the surprise of the governor who, unaware that peace was interrupted, mistook a bombardment for a salute. Things such as these are delectable, but it will be a matter for individual temperament to decide whether they are not all exceeded in humor by the magnificence with which Ensign Curtin rang up the authorities at Ponce and telephoned them to surrender or die. Since the days of Marathon and of Salamis, since the totter and fall of Troy, never has there been anything approaching that. Taken with the other episodes and added to Peninsular accounts of the war as it has not been fought, the lot forms a grand comic sum total which may be trusted to convulse generations to be.

HISTORY has closed a book. On the last page stands written Adios España. The lady vacates this section of the planet for good, for her good, for ours, for the good of all concerned, and good riddance. The Caribbean watches her departure mutely. From the ripple of the waters not a Hasta la vista ascends. In the torrential sky there is not a tear. It is the end, the farewell, one parenthetically rather abrupt, the result of an argument in which for sole support she had the insidiousness of her fevers and the ignorance of our commissariat. The strain of both has been heavy, yet so quick has been the relief that one may assume that hereafter the Twelfth of August will be remembered even though the "Maine" be forgot.

PEACE is pleasant, but it does not require a prophet to predict that it will not be permanent. It never has been. Humanity's normal condition is war. On the front page of the first history is a fratricide. The volumes that have succeeded drip with blood. The story of civilization is a bulletin of battle. To the general rule of war, peace is the exception. In mankind strife is inherent. De Maistre, whose theology was perhaps a trifle ardent, regarded carnage as a purifying process preliminary to universal expiation. It may be that he was not entirely correct. Prudhon, who was quite as discursive, maintained that war would end when the world does. It may be that he too was wrong. The point is that peace is elusive. The earliest effort to domesticate it was that of the Greek Amphictyons. Their idea was most excellent, but as two tolerably resonant fights were the direct outcome, one may hesitate to call it a success. In projects not similar, but cognate, the Middle Ages were prolific. One or two of these subsequently interested the fourth Henry of France. From them he produced a plan which some time later had the merit of attracting William Penn. The Quakers are the result. There are the real lovers of peace. But with every respect to that community one may be a perfect lover and a perfect fool. The Society of Friends ignored the criterion of might, which is the basis of society itself. Kant was better advised. He took that criterion and on it hoisted a white flag, which he called Arbitration, a device which sooner or later, and the sooner the better, will enable presidents and potentates to declaim with the late Mr. Taylor, "We are at

peace with all the nations of the earth and on friendly terms with the rest of mankind."

KANT's idea was not original. And naturally. In the strict sense there is no such thing. Wit like life is transmitted by infusion. Kant found his when rummaging through the Pandects of Justinian. But the canons there formulated are for the civil courts, not for international congresses. Grotius, too, dug up the idea. He offered it to the Christian Powers. They looked the other way. But that is not surprising. There is glory in war, frequently frontiers, and always coin. Ages ago Aristophanes produced a little play in which he showed that it was not the nation but the army contractors in whose favor war is waged. Aristophanes has been called a cynic. He did not invent human nature, however, and that has changed precious little since his day.

RUSSIA has taken England's open door and slammed it in her face. The question arises, what will England do? Nada, niente, nichts, rien, nothing. Nothing at all. Were she to take the Bear by the ear he would open the door again and walk away—only to return though when the moment was more opportune. There is Muscovite guile. In the space of forty years he has crawled from the Urals to the Pacific. To-day the entire northern half of Asia is within his claws. In this part of the world no one has the slightest objection. Russia is an excellent neighbor and a valuable friend. It is the policy of the two empires which is of interest. That of Russia is absorption, that of England expansion, two things which look absolutely alike. The difference consists in procedure. Where Russia retreats and has retreated, the better to advance, England flops about obesely. The one, ruled by military law, and guided by diplomacy, is an autocracy; the other is a giant without a head. To use the restrained speech of court circles, England could whip Russia out of her boots and throw her into bankruptcy besides. Her navy is superior to that of the Muscovite, her soldiery ten times as strong. In addition she possesses strategetic advantages which Russia lacks. Why, then, does she not go about it? There is one reason which is very simple: she can't make up her mind to. But there is a possible solution simpler still; it may be that she has no mind to make up.

EBERS has passed away practically unsung. The fault, if fault there be, is perhaps his own. Always a scholar, and occasionally a bore, he omitted to entertain. As a historian he might have been remembered. But feeling at home in the twenty-sixth dynasty, he wrote of the Pharaohs as though they were his first cousins, and drew Marie Correlli melodramas from their tolerably melancholy lives. He compounded fiction with archaeology. There was the crime. The penalty is neglect.

EDGAR SALTUS.

## IS THE WAR OVER?

IF WE could trust the daily newspapers, we should have to assume that the war with Spain is already at an end, although it is obvious that, if peace were absolutely assured, we should not be retaining 250,000 soldiers under the colors. As a matter of fact, not one of those soldiers will be discharged until a final treaty of peace shall have been signed by the commissioners representing respectively the two countries concerned, and until that treaty shall have been ratified by the Spanish Cortes on the one hand, and by the United States Senate on the other. The sittings of the joint commission will not even begin until October, and it is to be apprehended that they may be considerably prolonged. We do not know all the questions that may be made subjects of discussion, for the text of the protocol has been withheld. If one of the topics designated for debate is the propriety of saddling the Pearl of the Antilles with the so-called Cuban debt, the negotiations are likely to be indefinitely protracted, for American public opinion will not justify the imposition upon the liberated Cubans of the burden of large loans contracted by their oppressors, not one per cent of which has been expended for the welfare of their island. All that has been divulged concerning the scope of the matters, touching which the joint commission is expected to reach an agreement, is this: Spain has agreed in advance to the surrender of all her insular possessions in the Caribbean Sea, to the cession of one of the Ladrone Islands, and to our temporary occupation of the city and harbor of Manila; the ultimate disposition of the Philippines is, so far as is yet disclosed, the sole subject of negotiation relegated to the plenipotentiaries. The attempt, however, to solve this single problem is certain to provoke a wide difference of opinion, and not only will the discussion of it be long continued, but it may also result in a deadlock at last, provided our representatives shall firmly urge the wishes of the majority of the American people, while their Spanish colleagues, on their part, persist no less stiffly in upholding what they believe to be their country's interests. The questions for the President to answer between now and the 1st of October, when definite instructions to our commissioners must be issued, are two; namely, first, what *ought* we to do about the Philippines, and, secondly, what *can* we do in view of the circumstances created by the protocol which our Executive has signed.



Let us look, first, at the question of duty. Shall we content ourselves with a single city and harbor, coupled, perhaps, with a small strip of contiguous territory; or shall we require the whole island of Luzon; or shall we insist upon the cession to us of the entire Philippine archipelago? The considerations which will govern the American people in determining the choice which should be made between these three courses are the following: What would be an adequate equivalent for Admiral Dewey's splendid victory at Cavite and for the despatch of successive military expeditions which have been collectively placed under the command of Major-general Merritt? Secondly, do not the philanthropic motives, which impelled us to begin the war for the liberation of Cuba from Spanish tyranny, impose on us the moral obligation to discharge the same humanitarian office for Spain's dependencies in the Far East? thirdly, do not our large actual interest and our vast prospective interest in the industrial development of China, and in the vindication of free access to the Chinese markets, prescribe to us the acquisition of a coign of vantage in the Far East under conditions the most favorable possible from a commercial, a strategic and a political point of view? This third question involves a fourth; namely, would such conditions be attainable under any arrangement concerning the Philippines, which should fall short of our assertion of absolute sovereignty over the whole archipelago? We will first examine the first question, What would be a fair return for the memorable work accomplished by Dewey, supplemented, as this has been, by the despatch of many thousands of soldiers to his support? It should need but little reflection to convince us that the cession of the city and harbor of Manila, even though these gains should be coupled with a small strip of contiguous territory, would be an inadequate compensation for what our navy has effected and for what our army is ready to effect. Under the conditions supposed, Manila would cease at once to be the entrepot even of Luzon. Elsewhere in that island, another entrepot would be forthwith created by the Spaniards, and, thereafter, the products neither of Luzon nor of any other member of the archipelago would be suffered to seek a market in the harbor over which should float the detested Stars and Stripes. Grass would grow in the streets of Manila, and, after the swift extinction of its whilom commercial importance, the city would sink into a mere coaling station, which would need, moreover, to be defended, at great cost, by a large force, not only against the possible aggression of maritime powers, but also against incessant attacks from the interior of the island, attacks certain to be fomented by the vindictive Spaniards. In a word, the retention of Manila alone would cost far more than it would be worth. If all we want is a coaling station, to be retained at a minimum outlay, we had better take one of the small, outlying, isolated islands, whereof there are many hundreds in the Philippine archipelago. But what sort of a return would that be for one of the greatest naval triumphs of the century? And why have we, at great expense to the country, sent one military expedition after another, if all we want is a station for coaling and repair in the Far East, which Spain would readily have granted us, had our successes been confined to the Antilles? But, it may be asked, admitting that the acquisition of Manila, doomed to lose, as it surely would be, the function of a commercial entrepot, would be but a beggarly outcome of Dewey's majestic victory, might we not arrive at a reasonable compromise by taking for ourselves the whole island of Luzon, and leaving to Spain the rest of the archipelago? There is, undoubtedly, something to be said for this proposal. The great island of Luzon, which, in size, is nearly equal to the State of New York, and which contains upward of three millions of inhabitants, would be a prize worth keeping, for, under a just, wise and stimulative administration, it might look forward to repeating the prosperous experience of Java, the population of which has increased within a century from two to more than twenty millions. By taking possession, moreover, of the whole island of Luzon, we should discharge not only the general moral duty to free the Christianized and partly civilized Tagals from the Spanish yoke, but also the specific obligation which we have contracted toward the Tagal insurgents headed by Aguinaldo. That general duty could not be fulfilled, nor could that specific obligation be discharged, by permitting the Spaniards to re-establish their rule in the greater part of Luzon and confining our philanthropic efforts to the exaction of paper guarantees of benign and equitable government, which would be respected no longer than were the like guarantees given to the Cubans in 1878. There are grave objections, however, to the limitation of our conquests in the Far East to the island of Luzon. If we should leave to the Spaniards the rest of the archipelago, we should find in them revengeful neighbors, continually exciting disaffection among the Tagals in Luzon, and either struggling to create a rival commercial empire in the adjacent islands, or else contriving to sell them to one of the great naval powers of Europe in which we should find a neighbor even more troublesome than Spain. Sooner or later, the rivalry of business interests would involve us in political complications from which the only sure way of escape would be a new war, frankly directed to the conquest of the entire archipelago, which, only a month ago, we might have had for the asking. We arrive, then, at this conclusion, that it will be every way better, and even cheaper, in the end, to take the whole of Luzon than

to content ourselves with Manila, and also much better and cheaper to take all the Philippines to-day than to content ourselves with Luzon at present and have to fight for the rest of the islands by-and-by.

The relation of the Philippines to our future position in the Chinese market can be indicated in a word. Strategically, they stand in precisely the same attitude and degree of juxtaposition to the southern provinces of China as Japan stands to the north. If our attention is not distracted and our resources are not frittered by the necessity of baffling vindictive or jealous neighbors lodged in a part of the archipelago, our revenues accruing from the island would constitute us one of the weightiest factors in the Far East, a factor far more powerful than either France or Germany, and comparable only with Great Britain, Russia and Japan in respect of force locally available. Give us all the Philippines and we should be at liberty, in conjunction with England and Japan, to preserve China's territorial integrity and maintain forever the "open door." Give us only Luzon, or but a part of it, and we should have our hands full with petty local concerns.

So much for what we ought to do in the Philippines. Let us see now what we *can* do. The daily newspapers are quite at sea, when they assume that the situation is just the same as it would have been had no protocol been signed by our Executive. Before the protocol was subscribed, Mr. McKinley had only to demand the whole Philippine archipelago in the same peremptory terms with which he called for the surrender of the Spanish Antilles, and both cessions would have been made. In the face of England's friendly attitude toward the United States, no outside power would have protested, and Spain could have been easily coerced, either by the threat of requiring a large money indemnity or by the despatch of Watson's squadron to the Canaries and the Mediterranean. As it is, the President has deliberately relegated the disposition of the Philippines to a joint commission, in which he has given Spain an equal voice. Even if the greatest care be taken to select plenipotentiaries who can be trusted to carry out the wishes of their countrymen, the utmost that we can hope for is an equal division of the commission on the question whether we shall be permitted to retain the whole of the Philippines, or even the island of Luzon. Should, moreover, the negotiations result, after months of delay and consequent expenditure, in a deadlock, we shall be left in an unfortunate moral position before the bar of European opinion. Why, it will be asked, if you intended to stand out for all the Philippines, or at least for the island of Luzon, did you not announce your determination beforehand, as you did in the case of the Spanish Antilles, and make your demand a part of the irreducible minimum defined in your protocol? What was the use of keeping yourselves, and forcing Spain to keep herself, on a war footing during many months of negotiations which, it might have been foreseen, were destined to be abortive? How could the President justify in the eyes of foreign powers the extra financial burden unnecessarily imposed on Spain, and how could he justify in the eyes of American citizens the additional financial burden needlessly imposed on ourselves, provided the joint commission should, after months of fruitless discussion, result in a deadlock? It is manifest that the Administration, when it indicated to Spain the bases of a protocol, had not yet made up its mind concerning the Philippines, not having yet had time to ascertain the judgment of the country in the matter. At present the judgment of the country is distinctly known, and, before October, it will have been declared with irresistible emphasis. The practical question, therefore, for the Administration to answer at an early date will be, How can it remedy its omission to make betimes a peremptory demand for all the Philippines or, at least, for the island of Luzon? To answer that question, it has but to recall the course pursued by the Polk Administration in 1848. Before the end of 1847, the Polk Administration had become the unchallenged master of the Mexican Republic, and might have annexed the whole of it by right of conquest. It desired, however, to conciliate the Whig members of the Senate, and, therefore, refrained from seizing an inch of land by force; it acquired from Mexico the region comprising California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico, not by conquest, but by purchase, giving therefor the sum of \$18,000,000, an amount derisory, indeed, compared with the subsequently discovered value of the acquisition, but, nevertheless, most welcome at the time to the Mexican central government in its straitened condition. Even thus framed, the treaty of peace barely obtained ratification in the Senate; had three more Senators voted against it, the treaty would have been rejected. Spain is suffering from the same financial embarrassments which then weakened Mexico, and would gladly sell to us those islands in the Far East which the President has refrained from signifying a determination to keep. But why, it may be asked, should we buy what we could have got for nothing? That is a question for our State Department to answer. From the moment that the protocol was signed, it became practically impossible to get the Philippines for nothing. If we want them, we either shall have to fight for them through a renewal of the war, or shall have to secure them by purchase. Meanwhile, no man who has a thorough understanding of the situation created by the protocol will take for granted that the war is over, until a definite treaty of peace has been signed and ratified.



"HE DIED THAT CUBA MIGHT BE FREE."—CUBANS AT THE GRAVE OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, NEAR SANTIAGO.—(See page 5)

(Drawn by W. Bessie)





"THE HOME OF YELLOW FEVER"—SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY, 1898

(Drawn, from sketches by W. Benson, by F. Luis Mora)

## MOTHER-LAND

O YOUNG and mighty Mother-land,  
Set, sovereign-wise, 'twixt sea and sea,  
Before men's eyes I view thee stand,  
The home and hope of Liberty!

Was it not here, re-waking first,  
That Freedom, shackled fast so long,  
Her ancient chains of bondage burst,  
And sang anew her morning-song?

Not in such fierce and fateful guise  
As by the sad ensanguined Seine,  
With severance of human ties  
In awful holocausts of slain;

But with an equivoque austere  
No rabble outcry could dethrone,  
Proclaiming, like a solemn seer,  
That man at last should have his own.

But ah, the travail that was seen,  
The snares about the pathway set,  
From Lexington's immortal green  
To Yorktown's bloody parapet!

The dismal labyrinths of doubt,  
And treason with its shameful gorge;  
The shadow of retreat and rout,  
And the long night of Valley Forge!

O Mother-land, what sons were thine,  
And ours what self-forgetful sires!  
They poured their precious blood like wine  
Before thy sacred altar-fires.

They sleep their long and dreamless sleep  
Northward by cruel Lundy's Lane,  
South where Chapultepec's grim steep  
Frowns upon Montezuma's plain.

Their dust upon the wind is blown  
Where Lookout Mountain takes the sun;  
Their bones beneath the grass are strown  
Where Gettysburg's red field was won.

Whether they wore the gray or blue,  
O Mother-land, what matters now?  
They fought for what they thought was true,  
So laurel every fallen brow!

We who enjoy their heritage,  
Lo, what a weighty task is ours—  
To meet the swiftly broadening age  
With keen and undiminished powers!

To guard lest Mammon's vulturous lust  
Prove both to be our bane and ban;  
To keep our fathers' simple trust  
In something godlier than man!

To hold in rapt remembrance  
The memory of glories gone,  
Yet like the firstling flowers of spring  
To set our faces toward the dawn!

If but thy sons unwavering stand,  
Of heroes dead the worthy peers,  
Then shalt thou march, O Mother-land,  
Triumphant through the crowding years!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## FIGHTING ON SAN JUAN HILL

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

ROUGH RIDERS' TRENCHES, SANTIAGO, July 10, 1898

THE big guns of the fleet were booming, and at the front, two miles ahead, rapid-fire musketry and Gatlings were rattling away at a great rate, when the London "Chronicle" correspondent and I came straggling into General Shafter's headquarters in the woods near Sevilla. It was raining and a mule-train was floundering about in the soft mud of the clearing. The oaths those army teamsters swore made us forget that a battle was raging on the other side of the woods. It was raining, as I said, and the officers at headquarters were scurrying under their wagon tent. Through it all General Shafter sat, coatless, and with his gouty leg swathed in cotton, cocked up on a tree-stump. A tall, lanky man, arrayed in a carkee coat and flannel drawers, was fastening down a tent flap against the rain. When he turned his face our way I recognized him as Jack Astor, the general's aid-de-camp.

"Well, what do you want?" asked General Shafter testily.

"Where is the First Volunteer Cavalry stationed?" I asked.

"You mean Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, I suppose," said the general. "They are right down there, at the extreme end of the right, together with the colored troopers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry. You can hear their Gatling gun from here."

At this moment my friend was recognized by some other English correspondent, who hailed him effusively. Another figure, in a bicycle suit and white corduroy gaiters, pushed in and addressed me cordially:

"They tell me you are going to the Rough Riders. That's where I am going, you know, and I am looking for some one to go with me."

"All right," said I; while he continued:

"You know I am a sculptor. I made the figure of the football player that won a prize at the

World's Fair. I am going right to the front to make a figure of General Rosenfeld—I mean Colonel Roosevelt—storming Santiago. I'm only afraid the general will be shot before we get there. I guess on the strength of that I can get a ten-thousand-dollar order. Don't you think?"

Evasively I quoted Captain Sigbee's words after the destruction of the "Maine": "It is well not to think. It is better to know."

As we trudged on through the rain we came upon many stragglers. Scattered detachments of the First Illinois and of the District of Columbia militia were hurrying to the front, while wounded and lost men were trailing to the rear. Here and there heavy trains of artillery could be seen sticking in the mud up to the hubs of their wheels, with the sweating horses splattering dirty water over everything around them. Blankets, canteens and haversacks were strewn all along the road, with here and there a rusted rifle or a tattered saddle.

We fell in with an army chaplain leading his tired horse, and a couple of Red Cross men, and so we moved forward, until the roar of the battle sounded so near and the shells burst over the tree-tops so close to us that the war sculptor urgently called for a halt.

A tall regular with a bloody bandage around his head stopped to talk with us. He said he had been ordered back to the division hospital. Waxing enthusiastic, he exclaimed: "I tell yez, boys, we're knocking the spots out of them. Over where I was I could see that long dynamite gun of the Rough Riders, and I tell yez it was a dandy. Acrost from our trenches, up on the hill, were them Spanish cannon a-blazing away, and every time one of their shells busted over our trench there was some dead soldiers in our ditch. It made us feel mighty uncomfortable and scary-like, till at last them Rough Riders poked the long pipe of their dynamite gun out between the sand-bags and off she went like a little popgun. It was jest like as if an earthquake had struck that Spanish battery. Mud, blood and corruption went flying up in the air, and then the dynamite gun popped off again, and the next we knew them Spanish gunners quit shooting. But the Rough Riders went right on, and I tell yez they are all right. They're just as good as us."

After this praise, the highest a regular soldier can confer upon a volunteer, we pushed on all the more eagerly, though the chaplain and his horse preferred the better part of valor, and took refuge in a gully together with a lot of lost militiamen. Other troops of the newly arrived reinforcements were lying flat on the ground, taking occasional shots at the Spanish lines or waiting for the shooting to finish. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the woods, with much shouting and swearing. Above the din I could hear some officer's voice ringing out: "Stop, men—stop, for God's sake! This is disgraceful!"

The next moment an ambulance train of fully half a dozen wagons came stampeding down the track, the mules snorting and kicking in their fright, while from behind the wagon covers came the shrieks and groans of the wounded men. Behind them all dashed a mud-splattered officer on horseback. In a trice the whole train had clattered out of sight in a cloud of dust.

"Is this sculpturesque enough for you?" I asked my companion; but the grin jest was left unanswered, for, as we turned the road, we came upon a half-ruined Spanish block-house with dead and wounded American soldiers lying all around. It was an open-air clinic, improvised for the purpose by several army surgeons and uniformed nurses bearing the green army stripe with the Red Cross bandage on their arms. It was wonderful to see how those physicians worked, performing the most trying operations and issuing cool, precise orders to their men at the very time when shells were bursting over the tree-tops above our heads and dying men were shrieking in anguish.

I was astonished to find how many of the wounded men were shot in the arms, while of those that were killed several had bullet-holes through their foreheads. It was explained to me that these men had been struck while fighting in the trenches, where only their faces and forearms were likely to be exposed to the Spanish bullets whizzing through the upper row of sand-bags.

Guided by the ugly-sounding rattle of the Gatling guns, we went on and presently climbed up the slope of a hillside, crowned by a ridge of intrenchments. It was the Rough Riders' hill, halfway between San Juan and Caney. Half the men were lying on their stomachs in the grass as reserves, and re-enforcements from other regiments were trailing up behind them. From above sounded the incessant rattle of musketry, and the Spanish bullets could be heard going "ping-ping" through the underbrush.

A wounded corporal coming down from the trenches pointed back to a spectated officer standing on a high mound in front of the trenches, with a blue silk kerchief fluttering from the rim of his felt hat. I could hear him tell his comrades that it was the colonel.

It was Theodore Roosevelt, indeed, with his teeth gleaming, as of yore. Through the din I could hear him shout: "Damn it all, boys, don't be afraid! The Spaniards can't shoot. See! they can't even hit a man standing up."

As if to disprove his words a shower of leaves came fluttering down upon him from the mango tree under which he stood, and, far as we were, we could see the bark flying from the tree-trunk where it was struck by Mauser bullets. I saw an adjutant reach up and pull Colonel Roosevelt down into the ditch, and shortly afterward the bugles sounded, "Cease firing!"

Somebody said a flag of truce had gone up. This proved to be the case, and it was not long before the firing ceased all along the line. I looked around for my sculptor, and was told that he had been seen going to the creek, half a mile to our rear. It so happened that he was carrying some of my effects, notably a poncho that I had picked up on the way; so I went to hunt him up. By the time I had found him, and we returned to the hillside, the Rough Riders were gone and some other troops had taken their place. An officer informed me that they had moved to the furthest end of the right into the trenches dug by General Wheeler's regulars. The movement must have been done on hurry orders, for we never caught up with the Rough Riders until nightfall, when we walked into their lines just as they were pitching their tents for the night.

"Where are Colonel Roosevelt's headquarters?" I asked a sergeant carrying a tattered red and white guidon.

"Right there," he said, pointing to an insignificant tent, with a broken cracker box in front of it. As the front flap of the tent was fastened down against the rain, we walked around it to the rear opening, and there I found a man, in a blue flannel shirt and dirty overalls, lying face downward, apparently asleep.

"Where is Colonel Roosevelt?" I ventured to ask, when I saw him move.

The man jumped up, and said fiercely:

"I am Colonel Roosevelt."

Then, blinking, he recognized me, and said more encouragingly:

"I am glad to see you, Emerson. If you still want to come into the regiment you're my man."

"That's what I want," said I.

"All right, I'll enlist you. As soon as you have passed the surgeon I will swear you in. What troop do you want to join?"

"Captain Kane's troop," I answered promptly, in remembrance of Woodbury Kane's masterful handling of the American boat during the last international yacht races for the America's cup.

"Captain Kane, Captain Kane!" called the colonel, and a tall officer hurriedly pushed his way through the high bamboo grass. I scarcely recognized Mr. Kane as he strode into the tent, so sunburned and haggard was his face. But it lighted up as of old when he greeted me and received the letters and verbal messages I brought him.

"Here's a man in bicycle slippers and one pair of socks that wants to join your troop," explained the colonel. "I guess he'll do."

Without further ado Captain Kane invited the war-sculptor and myself to come into his tent to mess with him and his two lieutenants, Messrs. Tiffany and Ferguson. Supper, consisting of hardtack, coffee and some scraps of bacon, served on a turtle-back tin, was brought in by a little handy-legged Irishman from Oklahoma, the best horseman, I was told, of all the Rough Riders.

It was just as well that we got under shelter, for the rain turned into a torrent. All the men bunking under tents got soaking wet, and the guard stationed in the rifle-pits and on cosack outpost were reported to be standing in water up to their waists. It was out of the question to light a lantern or candle, for the flag of truce was said to have gone down again; so we lay on our backs on the damp ground, smoking our pipes and talking in a half-whisper. At last I went to sleep.

I was awakened by a voice coming from out the rain and darkness:

"Captain, I have to report that our pickets have been driven back, after an exchange of shots. Our men holding the road are now engaged."

Captain Kane started up with an imprecation, and I heard him buckle on his sword and revolver. I reached for my own six-shooter and a handy cavalry carbine and cartridge-belt, to follow through cactus, prickly pear and dripping bamboo bushes. By the time I stumbled into the water-soaked rifle-pit there was firing all along the line. From the other side came countless flashes. The men handling the Gatling gun insisted that some of the shots that had struck within their bomb-proof were American bullets from the Springfield rifles of the First Illinois regiment at our flank. Captain Kane accordingly sent a lieutenant down the trench line to ascertain the truth and warn the other men of the raw troops. After a long interval of incessant rain and fitful gun-fire the lieutenant at last returned, just as the fight was dying down.



A Cuban Sentry



"Well?" inquired Captain Kane.

"The gun squad was right, sir," said the lieutenant, saluting, while the water ran down his face and neck.

"Did you warn them?"

"I told them that if they didn't stop shooting into our lines we would pour a volley into them, by God!"

By way of experiment the order was given to cease firing. It took nearly a quarter of an hour for the order to go into effect. At last there was stillness, broken by a terrific clash of thunder. While the lightning flashed we could see the silhouette of a Spanish officer arrayed in a long black mackintosh, walking along the Spanish breastworks, apparently quieting his men. Several carbines were raised at once, but were lowered again at a stentorian order from our captain.

"No more shooting!" he shouted, "until the truce is formally declared off."

Oaths and curses resounded from the men standing in the wet rifle-pits, with the rain-water running down their shining ponchos; but still the gleaming carbine barrels were lowered, and the shooting ceased on both sides.

I waited a few minutes, and then returned, glad of an excuse to get out of the wet. Some twenty minutes afterward Captain Kane returned to his tent, drenched to the skin. While he was pulling off his clothes I went to sleep.

Next morning I was formally enlisted and assigned to my troop, together with a guilty Rough Rider who had committed the military offense of deserting his own troop, left behind in Tampa, to join his more fortunate comrades at the front.

The war-sculptor had disappeared.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

## THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO

(Special Correspondence of  
"COLLIER'S WEEKLY")  
ROUGH RIDERS' TRENCHES,  
BEFORE SANTIAGO, July 18

IT WAS A rainy night—the rainiest I had ever seen. I was ordered on picket into the rifle-pits at sundown. When I stumbled into our trench, hugging my carbine close under my dripping poncho, the water in the ditch was up to our knees. When the cathedral chimes of distant Santiago rang out the hour of midnight, the water was up to our hips. I listened for the twelve strokes of the clock through the pelted rain with lively interest, for at that hour I was to be relieved. Five, ten or fifteen minutes passed, till I thought it must be several hours, before I heard the sound of somebody swishing his way through the wet underbrush of the slope behind us. Surely this was my relief.

Presently I heard the voice of the first sergeant cautiously calling my name. I answered, and he waded into the mire beside me only to tell me that my relief was down with "trench fever" and that every other available man of the troop was already on extra guard duty in the trenches. This meant another six hours in the water; so I settled down as well as I could to let the lower half of my body be as wet as wet could be, while the upper half basked under the protection of a leaky oilskin poncho.

Scarcely had I begun to take things philosophically, however, when the officer on guard splashed his way along the trench and ordered me to go out on "cossack outpost," some two hundred and fifty yards into the underbrush in front of the trench line. There I squatted until light of day, not daring to move lest the eager marksmen of the newly arrived militia regiments on our right put me for a Spaniard, as was their wont on the slightest provocation.

When dawn streaked with gray the earth-works of the Spanish line facing us, I strained my eyes to see whether the wet white rag serving for a flag of truce was still dangling on its pole near the Spanish colors. Sure enough, it was still up, and so were the multitudinous Red Cross

flags bedecking the red tile roof of the long hospital buildings near the Caney road. Without waiting for orders, I took it upon myself to streak back through the high grass to the officer on guard, to inform him that the truce was still on. Instead of reprimanding me for my technical violation of orders he thanked me very cordially and passed the word along the line. Such are the advantages of serving with plain common-sense people instead of carefully drilled military dummies. The other "cossack" pickets were withdrawn, and half the guard in the trenches was allowed to go to sleep in the bushes behind the rifle-pits until relieved. The poor fellows were glad enough to throw themselves into the wet grass, and it was with some resentment that we obeyed the summons to breakfast, yelled into our ears by those who stayed awake.

Breakfast on that day meant four pieces ofhardtack and a canful of sloppy warm water called coffee. For days before, when we were fighting, our meals consisted of twohardtacks

Spanish intrenchments until it reached the embankment leading down to the Caney road. Then some horsemen clad in light blue could be seen clustering around the white flag as they emerged into the road and rode down the little valley dividing Spain and the United States.

Where I stood I could plainly see the Spanish officers coming up the open strip of road covered by our dynamite gun. It was General Toral, the successor of General Linares as commanding officer of the Spanish forces, and he was promptly conducted to the headquarters of General Wheeler—"fighting Joe Wheeler"—commanding our cavalry division.

From Mr. Mason, our interpreter on this occasion, we learned presently that the Spanish general had come with a tentative offer of surrender, though he made lame efforts to obtain the right of evacuation westward toward Holguin with honors of war. Both of these propositions were peremptorily declined, so the little procession wended its way back toward Santiago. The flag of truce was returned to its old place near the Spanish headquarters facing us, not more than five hundred yards away. That night we lay in the trenches again, as if no such thing as an armistice existed.

When morning dawned the white flag was still up, but the blood and gold was no longer fluttering over the Spanish general's tent. One of the boys among the Rough Riders, who was uncommonly handy with a rope, had lassoed the ensign, snapping off the top of the flagpole.

When another deputation of hidalgos came to General Wheeler's headquarters under the flag of truce, the Spaniards were said to have complained bitterly of the excesses of El General Roosevelt's Cavalieros Duros, but the wizzened old general only smiled and promised to have the matter investigated. This may have been done with all due zeal, for aught I know, but this much also I know, that Rough Rider McGinty of K Troop still uses a broad strip of red and orange bunting for a hammock. Not that McGinty cares for hammocking, but according to him the only way of holding a piece of property down is to hold it down.

During this second interview, General Toral requested that the archbishop of Santiago be permitted to leave the city, together with the holy sisters under his care. This was granted. He also showed a tendency to ask for certain personal privileges for himself and for his officers in case of surrender. These concessions, too, were freely promised by General Wheeler, on the principle that defeat made easy may lead to readier acceptance of further defeats. Having obtained these sops for Spanish pride, General Toral once more withdrew to his lines.

On our side all the preparations for striking a final triple blow at the doomed city continued. On the other side of the city the fleet lay grimly ready. Our men took their meals, such as they were, in the trenches, while those on relief were ordered to be ready for a general advance within thirty minutes after the flag of truce should go down. In our rear heavy trains of artillery went lumbering up the hillside all the livelong day. During the day General Miles arrived, amid thunderous cheering, and betook himself and his staff to another conference with the weakening Spaniard. At this conference, so it was reported to me later on the very best authority, General Toral admitted that it lay within his authority to agree to a general surrender on behalf of the Spanish forces, numbering twenty-two thousand men and untold ammunition.

"Well, then, why don't you surrender?" asked old Joe Wheeler. The blunt question was translated to General Toral. He hesitated a minute, then shrugged his shoulders with a pitiful smile, and said in a low voice: "I surrender."

What followed is current history. As soon as the news of the coming surrender spread, the many thousands of feeble women, children and



FAC-SIMILE OF THE SPANISH PUBLICATION, IN SANTIAGO, OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ORDERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE SURRENDERED TERRITORY

apiace and water scooped up from the marshes and tarns by the wayside. After breakfast I staggered to the nearest tent. Everything inside was swimming in water. The occupant told me that his "bunkie" had gone on guard in the trenches, so I barely waited to ask leave before I tumbled in and fell into a deathlike sleep.

I was awakened just before noon by the corporal of the guard, who told me that I had better hurry if I wanted any dinner before serving my afternoon turn in the trenches.

Then we trudged up and settled down once more in the soft mud of the rifle-pits. There was nothing to watch out the flag of truce hanging limp and idle in its old place. So we all watched the wretched rag, with our loaded carbines in our hands, just as duelists watch for the drop of the white handkerchief; but in our case, alas! it never came down.

In the middle of the afternoon the figure of a man was seen to rise up beside the pole. Our spirits rose. One of the boys got his bead on the Spaniard handling the pole, but a chilly order came down the line, forbidding us to fire until thirty minutes after the dip of the white flag. Instead of dipping, the flag swayed to and fro for some time and then began to move along the

Toral once more withdrew to his lines.

aged cripples who had sought refuge in the little pesthole known as El Caney, near Santiago, poured back into the city. A more pitiful and heartrending sight than these starving people I never saw. To watch these haggard decrepit creatures crawling their footsore way along the dusty high road, loaded down with the only belongings left them in the world, was enough to make salt water run down the sunburned cheeks of the most happy-go-lucky Rough Rider. Three long days the procession kept on without a break from reveille until after taps, and all that time the American soldiers stationed along the road went hungry because they insisted on giving away the better part of their meager rations to those poveres Cubanas.

On the third day, it fell to my lot to stand on guard where the road from Siboney runs into that from Caney. My orders were to let all women and children rest as long as they seemed to need it, but to make all boys and men move on, unless they had exhausted women and children under their charge. I was to permit no undue intercourse between our soldiers and the disease-stricken Cubans, and had further explicit orders to stop all armed men and make them surrender their arms.

As soon as I took my post my dinner rations of five hardtacks disappeared in so many seconds. Of machetes, dirks and pistols I acquired enough to furnish a *salle des armes*. My command of the Spanish language grew in like proportion. By the time my six hours' watch was ended I could give commands with all the hauteur of a Castilian conquistador or swear like a pirate of the Spanish Main.

The last horseman I stopped to disarm proved to be a correspondent of a New York newspaper, with whom I had sat cheek by jowl for two long years during the days of my apprenticeship under the late Charles A. Dana. He resisted my efforts to disarm him in plain American, and told me that the troops had been ordered to line up on the trenches thus to assist at the capitulation of Santiago. For this welcome item of news I let him spur on his way with his contraband six-shooter flapping at his hip.

For my own part I thanked my stars that my

hour of relief had come. As soon as the relief guard came I hurriedly turned over all my arsenal to the next man, transmitting my orders to him as I gathered up my own accouterments, and then I made a long-distance run up the hill under heavyweight handicap, of which I might have been proud in my college days.

By the time I arrived at the top of the bluff and took my place at the foot of our troops sweating and out of breath, the Spanish gun,

which caused even the stolid Chocktaw serving as Colonel Roosevelt's body-guard to raise his dark eyes in mild admiration.

After it was all over, and we trooped down to mess, I had cause to regret my own personal enthusiasm; for then for the first time I discovered that I had waved my hat to such good effect that I had lost not only the crossed sabers fastened to its front, but also a dead Spanish bugler's cockade and my only clay pipe—all three of which I had been carrying on the top of my head.

Next day we were far back in the hills behind Caney and well away from the tempting vicinity of Santiago de Cuba.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



THE HON. JOHN HAY,  
Who is to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State

had just begun to boom forth their twenty-one-fold salute to the Stars and Stripes of the United States rising over their captain-general's palace.

Next moment we caught the distant strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and then Colonel Roosevelt took off his hat, and, showing his gleaming teeth, sang out: "Now, boys, three times three!"

Before any other regiment could get ahead of us the Rough Riders let out a Comanche yell,

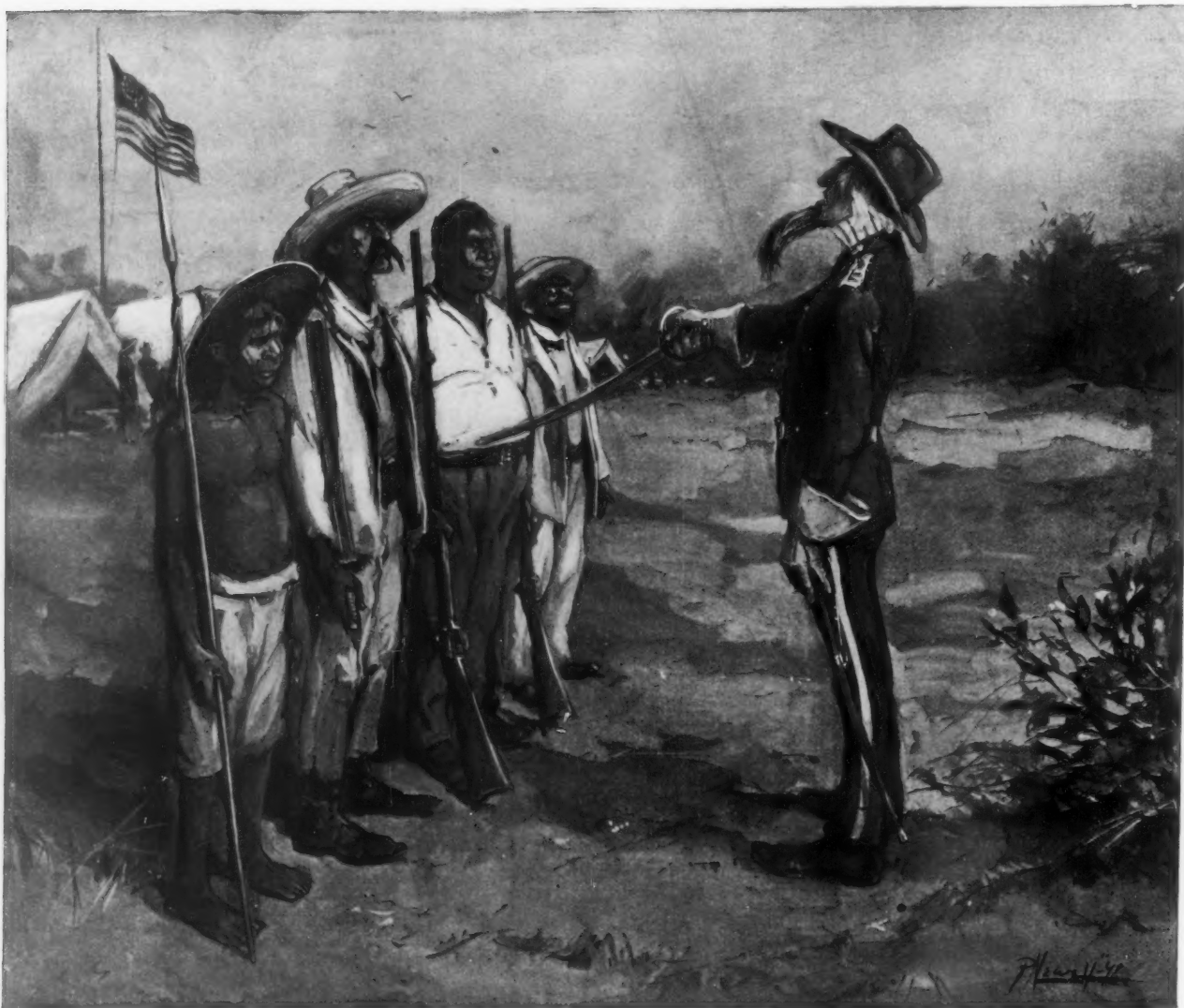
## TO BE SECRETARY OF STATE

JOHN HAY, who is to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State in President McKinley's Cabinet, practically entered the diplomatic service when he became one of President Lincoln's secretaries in 1861. In 1865 he was sent to Paris as secretary of the American Legation, in 1868 he was made chargé d'affaires at Vienna, when he went in 1869 as secretary of our Legation at Madrid. Under President Hayes' Administration he was Assistant Secretary of State from 1879 to 1881, and last year President McKinley appointed him ambassador to Great Britain.

When not engaged in diplomatic duties Mr. Hay was until 1890 quite active as journalist and author. He was for years a member of the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune," at times having entire charge of the paper. His book "Castilian Days" is among the best authorities on Spanish life and character, and he has written much verse. His most important literary work, however, is the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which he and John S. Nicolay, who also had been one of President Lincoln's secretaries, published serially in the "Century Magazine," 1886-90, and afterward issued in ten large volumes.

Mr. Hay is sixty years of age, a native of Indiana and a graduate of Brown University.

## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR—XII. Drawn by PETER NEWELL



UNCLE SAM'S AWKWARD SQUAD.—OUR NEW CITIZENS FROM CUBA, PUERTO RICO, THE PHILIPPINES AND LADRONES





COL. IRVING HALE,  
First Colorado Volunteers, engaged at Manila  
Photographed by Rose & Hopkins, Denver

### CUBAN HONORS

TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO HAVE LAID DOWN  
THEIR LIVES THAT CUBA MIGHT BE FREE

LITTLE mounds of Cuban earth, little rough pine boards—boards taken from the boxes of hard food eaten in sorrow by surviving soldiers; little inscriptions hastily written with lead pencil in the rush of battle, or laboriously carved into the little boards with clumsy care; little crosses—the inscription board and its support—silently facing the wayfarer along the tangled Cuban roads—graves of the American men who, giving up their all, had willingly laid down their lives that Cuba might be free.

Echoing through one's mind, in plodding along the muddy roads, coming out upon these pathetic little slumbering heaps, kept crooning over the sublime beauty of the saying of the Man of Love, "For greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for another."

Cuba is free; and here, in these little mounds, sleep the men who gave her freedom; peaceful as the towering mountains which rise in sloping foothills from the graves—up into the clouds.

Through the early morning mists which are hanging over the valley, softening and blending the tropical trees on the rolling hills, comes searchingly the rising sun; the tops of the waving cocoa-palms are rosy pink against the mountains' misty blue, the cloud-capped tops catch the glow, the curling smoke rises straight in the still air from the camp-fires of the Cubans; the light of the fires grows pale, and through the mists and through the openings in the trees comes the glorifying sun, lighting with a ray of amber the little head-boards on the little mounds of Cuban earth—lighting, too, the untutored Cubans, who feel what they cannot utter, standing there doing homage—worship almost—at the shrine which has brought their long-lost peace to them.

Who shall say this is not a glorious death? Who shall, with limited vision, bewail the end of these, the liberators? Let us not allow the confusion of sordid aspects to bedim our vision of the true meaning of this war. Through physical horrors nature works to beautiful ends, and better a thousand times is the life laid down for another than the long life spent in indulgence and love of self.

The mass of the Cubans have been accused of being unappreciative, of being ignorant and poor, and far inferior in every way to the men who died for them. Greater glory, therefore, to those who had much, to give it up so that those who had little might gain greatly. But the Cubans are not unappreciative. Riding solitary along the road to Siboney I came upon a party of them hurrying on their way, led by a young officer who was taking his little command on an army errand. He spoke only a few words of English, but made use of all he had to express his feelings as we passed the graves of the Rough Riders, lying on a little hillside by the road. It was, however, the devout raising of the sombreros as we passed the spot which spoke more eloquently than the tongue of the feelings among the famished Cubans; and pity it is that want of delicacy should have brought about even a moment's estrangement between our devoted friends and the general of the army at Santiago. From a personal acquaintance with Garcia and his gallant sons, I know that it is quite beyond our power to appreciate the delicacy of their feelings of gratitude to the United States.

The closing century sees the ending of ancient cruelty, hereafter never to reappear; and the men who have died for this magnificent result are happy in their death—they have ushered in a new order of things, and their country stands before the world as civilization's leader, and defender of the weak.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

### THE PHILIPPINES CAMPAIGN

STATESMEN and editors all over the civilized world were discussing on the 13th of August, as they had discussed for some days previous, the degree of strength or weakness of the American grasp upon the Philippines. On that same day Admiral Dewey and General Merritt simplified the question greatly by compelling a capitulation which officially and practically amounted to an entire surrender of the islands.

Ever since the first of May—the day on which Admiral Montojo's fleet was destroyed and Cavite captured—Admiral Dewey has had Manila, the capital and only large city of the islands, at his mercy. He had but to open fire upon it, and it would have to surrender to escape destruction, for almost all of the buildings are of wood and lie within easy range of guns in the harbor. Dewey's delay was entirely for reasons of humanity. No troops accompanied him, nor could he spare enough men from his crews to guard and police a captured city. The insurgents and their leader would have accepted the duty with great alacrity, but there was reason to doubt Aguinaldo's ability to keep his men from committing excesses for which jealous European

handsomely repulsed, after a loss, on the American side, of fourteen killed and forty-six wounded.

On the 7th inst., General Merritt and eleven thousand troops having arrived and disembarked, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent a joint note to the military commander of Manila (Governor-general Augustin had been recalled to Spain) that they might at any time, after two days, bombard the city. Acknowledgment of receipt of this note was accompanied by the statement that the Spanish commander had no possible place of refuge to which to send women, children and other non-combatants.

On the morning of Saturday the 13th the "Olympia," "Raleigh," "Petrel" and "Callao" (the latter a gunboat captured from the enemy) moved to within three or four thousand yards of the heaviest Spanish works on the bay; the "Boston," "Baltimore," "Charleston" and "Monterey" closed in, to supporting distance. As the bombardment began, General Merritt's forces advanced by land, and moved promptly to within easy rifle-range of the enemy's lines, where a hard attack was made by both infantry and artillery. At noon officers were sent ashore under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of Manila. The Spanish commander was found in a church, escorted to a municipal building, and terms were speedily agreed upon, and the surrender appears to have included the Philippines as well as the capital. The Stars and Stripes quickly replaced the Spanish colors, and before night the soldiers of Spain and the United States were fraternizing in the streets of Manila.

The terms of surrender included all arms except the side-arms of officers, and all public property. The prisoners, numbering about eleven thousand, were to be fed until the question of their final disposition was settled by the two governments. The Manila banks were to continue in business, under existing regulations.

The navy lost no men in the engagement, although the forts replied vigorously to the American fire. Our army had eight men killed and forty wounded.

Before the bombardment it was reported that Admiral Dewey had sent a small expedition against Iloilo, the second city of the Philippines, and to other places where small Spanish gunboats were known to be.

### CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN

MR. WILDMAN, United States consul-general at Hong Kong, has been brought prominently before the public by the war in the Philippines and his association with Commodore Dewey. He is a young man, being only thirty-five years of age. He was born at Batavia, N. Y. At the age of twenty-five he removed to Boise City, Idaho, and became editor of a newspaper there and delegate to Congress. In 1890 he married Miss Letitia Aldrich, a granddaughter of Henry S. Foote of Mississippi and a niece of Senator Stewart of Nevada, and the alliance was the making of him. A few weeks after his marriage he became United States consul at Singapore, and was selected in 1893 to represent the Straits settlements at the Columbian Exposition. At the close of the show he purchased a controlling interest in the "Overland Monthly" at San Francisco, Bret Harte's old magazine, and conducted it until he was appointed consul to Hong Kong by President McKinley.



COL. A. L. HAWKINS,  
Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, engaged at Manila

powers would have tried to hold the United States responsible.

So Dewey remained on guard and awaited the coming of an army from the United States, for which he held the town and stronghold of Cavite, a few miles from Manila and with docks at which deep-draught vessels could discharge passengers and cargoes. The insurgents also waited for General Merritt's army, but never before did so small a force take so much time in moving. The fault was not the general's; vessels large enough to carry regiments and thousands of tons of stores are very scarce on the Pacific coast. The insurgents finally wearied of waiting and began to do some fighting on their own account; but there were too few of them to force an entrance to the town, although they fought with admirable courage and energy. Their work, so far as it went, aided the American cause; for they advanced their lines steadily toward the city and thus made a partial way for our expected army.

There was another armed force in the vicinity that was suspected of promising aid and comfort to the Spaniards and with the purpose of gaining something for another European power. It was a German fleet, and near it, apparently with similar purpose, lay two war-vessels of France, Germany's deadly enemy. War, like misery, sometimes makes strange companions.

Late in July our troops, of whom several thousand had arrived, were pushed by General Greene toward the city and within rifle-range of Malate, a suburb of Manila. On the 31st, the arrival of the third expedition, under General McArthur, increased our army to more than ten thousand men. While McArthur's troops were disembarking the enemy tried to drive General Greene's troops from their trenches, but the attack was



CONSUL R. WILDMAN,  
Consul at Hong Kong, the nearest Neutral Port to  
Admiral Dewey

## THE RETURNING ARMY

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP WIKOFF, August 17, 1908

VISITORS to this camp cluster closest about the camps of the volunteers, for one of these consists principally of men from the metropolis, only a hundred miles away, and another has for colonel a prominent citizen of this State.

If, however, the visitor loses the return train, or for any other reason has abundant leisure, and begins to study humanity throughout the camp, he will be struck by some differences between regiments, and he will learn that any body of soldiers that is entirely quiet and at ease, and not overrun with visitors, is quite sure to belong to the regular army. The regulars have no lack of relations and friends, but, unlike volunteers, any regiment of them contains men from forty-five different States as well as from all the Territories that remain.

Company by company the returned troops filed down from the dock, while the men cheered "Hooray for the Third Cavalry!" and shouted, "Hello, Dick! Hello, Bill!" and Dick and Bill would turn their heads and grin through their ragged beards. Then at the tail of each company would come two or three leaning on the shoulders of stronger comrades. Then it was that a great lump came up in the throat. They had not been fighting Spaniards; they had gone up against the elemental forces of Nature, and had got the worst of it. There was not a day's work in any man that landed.

The men were put into detention camps for five days; but, to tell the truth, the quarantine was not so strict that a man could not loaf by the hour, listening to their stories and looking at the Mauser bullets which they had brought with them, luckily not inside themselves. Sometimes they fell to talking of what men did when they were wounded. One man drooped his head back and said: "This is the way a friend of mine died. He said: 'Oh dear!' as if he were very tired."

Another man put in, "The worst shrieking I heard was when a fellow got a flesh-wound in his arm—just a scratch. All he could say was 'Hospital! hospital!'"

Chief among the delights of all the returned men is to deliver, in as vivid and picturesque a manner as possible, their views on the Cuban character. Believe the men, be they regulars or volunteers, and the inhabitants of the island whom we have freed from Spanish dominion are cowards, lazy, unclean, thieves, liars, ungrateful—un-everything that is good and wholesome. They would steal the eye out of a hare; they never got in the fighting-line except by inadvertence; they robbed the dead; they killed prisoners of war. They would pass a wounded man crying for water and never think of giving him a drink even if it was but a step to a brook; their camps were the filthiest places on earth. To hear the volunteers talk, if Uncle Sam wants any more freeing of the down-trodden Cubans he'll have to apply elsewhere.

The regulars don't express any such sentiments. It's all in the day's work with them. Theirs is to do. If there is dying connected with the doing, that also comes in the day's work; but they know better how to prevent themselves getting killed. The severest criticism the regulars have to pass upon the Rough Riders is that they did not take care of themselves enough, and especially in the fight of June 24 when poor Capron was killed. They chased back to the rear the Cuban scouts who told them the Spaniards were coming, and instead of deploying in the fields outside the road they marched in columns of fours, without skirmishers. There the regulars shake their heads and look solemn. And if anybody is pining for trouble all he needs to do is to go in where the Rough Riders are and disparage the Tenth Cavalry, for they saved the volunteers from being cut to pieces. They tell with savage glee how the black men fought; how they went gunning for a Spanish sharpshooter up in the trees, and how when they got their quarry they made sure that it was dead by pumping lead into the corpse and then kicking it about, and winding up with chopping off the head. It made one set his teeth and press his lips tight to hear.

Away over where the Ninth Cavalry has to dip up coffee-brown surface water to cook with, close by the little farrier's forge, where the horseshoer was talking to the animal under treatment with many a "Huddup thar! Whadda yo' bout?" a knot gathered of comrades who had only fought flies at Tampa, to hear Sergeant Billy Green relate his experiences on the memorable first three days of July. No bullets spoiled his looks, but fever so changed him that his mates knew him first only by his walk. Here was where the San Juan River ran, into which the soldiers waded and sat for hours at a time. Beyond lay the tall grass as high as a man's head, and beyond the trees—big trees, and close together. Barbed wire fences! Yes, indeed—twelve strands of them. Sergeant Billy Green had a hatchet, and that beat all the wire-nippers that ever were made. The Spaniards kept a popping away. He thought it was fire-crackers till he heard the "whit!" of the bullets. "Yes, sir; it did make a body feel nervous. Now with the shells, that's different. You can tell which way they're coming by the 'r-r-r-r' they make, and can sort of dodge them, but when a man ducks

a bullet it's too late. To be sure, when it strikes the ground right by a man's foot he's obliged to jerk it some."

But that barbed wire fence—he saw a poor fellow try to crawl through, and before he could untangle himself twelve bullets struck him and there he hung dangling. There wasn't much commanding by the officers. Leastways he didn't hear any. The men just went on firing the best they could, guessing where the Spaniards were but having no sure knowledge.

"But when they ran from the Americans across this flat, like it was this place, right here, then we popped 'em. Yes, sir! We could see them then and we sure mowed 'em down."

By the hour he talked on, the men hanging on his words. He told how wounded fellows lay for eighteen and twenty-four hours in division hospitals without any attention beyond first aid, and how he had helped them groaning into mule wagons that bumped and wrenched them along the road to Siboney, if road it could be called.

As to the conduct of the Santiago campaign there is plenty of interesting talk. Shoulder-straps and all agree that never before in their lives did they ever see such utter disregard of the sick and wounded. There were plenty of ambulances—at Tampa—but they were conspicuous by their absence where they would do any good. To be sure, the narrow lane was congested along which the pack-trains plodded with rations that had to go as far as they could toward satisfying the hunger of tired soldiers, but down at Siboney four hundred mules were busy keeping the flies off. Who was to blame? Wait! Daylight would be let into this thing yet. To be sure, there had never been in the history of any war just such a problem of transportation. Everything had been reduced to the lowest possible peace footing, and the whole system had to be created. There was need for haste. If 'twere done 'twere well 'twere done quickly, and everything had to be subordinated to the task of taking Santiago before all the troops were taken down sick. But it was Providence and the regular army that won the campaign, main strength and going ahead. If there had been tacticians on the other side, Shafter would have been driven into the sea. If it had been Germans or English or Russians or French—yes, or Turks—in the trenches defending the city, our fellows would never have gotten up that steep hill at San Juan by handholds on the bushes.

It was a company commanders' war, say the men. Nobody can write it that had a horse or a tent-fly. The men that walked and carried a pack, that toiled along in single file under the broiling, weakening sun till they felt that they could not go ten feet further, and then went on and on, drenched by the cold, cold rain and colder dews, squatting in a rubber coat over their little belongings to keep them dry, and yet marching till they dropped—they knew about it.

Pretty little stories there are afloat—such as the man in the Twenty-fourth Infantry, shot through the head on the field of San Juan, parching with thirst. A sergeant of the Ninth Infantry stopped to give him a drink.

"No, thank you," he whispered; "you go ahead. Your business is with the firing-line."

They tried to find out the name of this martyr, but failed. That is the stuff the regular army is made of—hero-timber.

"But it's all over now," they say, with a smile, and take a dose of quinine. It was the greatest war ever was—in results, in heroism, in patient endurance of hardships. Brigadier-general Lawton was with Crook on the Rosebud when the mercury froze for days, on wind-swept plains where there was just enough brush to boil the coffee. He was in the Geronimo campaign over arid, burning deserts. He was at Santiago, too. "Never did I experience such hardships," the men quote him as saying.

But it's all over now, and the problem is to get the water-pipes strung out over the ground from the forty-foot well that yields four hundred thousand gallons a day, and to feed the boys up.

There have been whispers in camp that many of the men, though the bullets did not touch them, have been worse hurt. Though they are able to walk about they are still a little delirious. Notably is this so among the Seventy-first New York, who have had to suffer many things. Several of the boys are reported to be unable to remember who they are or anything at all. One man spat out the doctor's clinical thermometer because it was not lighted. Among the regulars, and especially those kept at Tampa to quarrel with the flies over the food, there are plenty whose vacant smile says that the men were brought North not a day too soon.

Probably some regular officers have a similar feeling regarding their own commands.

EUGENE WOOD.

## PROMOTION IN THE NAVY

EACH branch of our military service has its own special method of recognizing officers' services that are specially meritorious yet for which higher rank cannot be given. Brevets, which are mere courtesy promotions, are common in the army in war time and particularly at the conclusion of a war; in the navy some officers are advanced a few numbers in their respective grades. As neither

the army nor the navy criticises the reward system of the other, it is to be assumed that each is satisfied with its own. To the eye of the civilian the naval method seems the more practical; for while an army brevet gives an officer the title of his complimentary rank it neither increases his pay nor makes his promotion more rapid, while naval "advancement" places an officer nearer the head of the list of his own grade and thus enables him to reach the next grade sooner; sometimes, indeed, it places him at once a grade higher.

On the 12th inst. President McKinley promoted more than thirty naval and marine officers by advancement in their respective grades. Ten numbers was the highest advance granted, and only one officer received these—Lieutenant-commander Wainwright, who with the armed yacht "Gloucester" fought both of Cervera's torpedo boats. Commodore Sampson's advancement of eight numbers, and Commodore Schley's of six, raised both officers into the grade of rear-admiral. The commanders of the battleships "Texas," "Indiana," "Oregon," "Massachusetts" and "Iowa," and of the flagships "New York" and "Brooklyn" were advanced from three to six numbers, Captain Philip being thus raised to the grade of commodore. The executive officers of each of the ships named were advanced, and so were the chief engineers. Commander McCalla, of the hard-working cruiser "Marblehead," was advanced six numbers, which raised him to a captaincy. Lieutenant-colonel Huntington, who commanded the marines at Guantanamo, was advanced one number, which gave him the rank of colonel; several of his officers were advanced and breveted also.

The reasons for advancement formally stated, in almost all cases, was "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle"; the most notable exception, in phraseology, was the order by which Lieut. Victor Blue was advanced five numbers "for extraordinary heroism." Lieutenant Blue made reconnaissances ashore several times, with no protection except that extended by his own wits and pistol; it was he who penetrated the Spanish lines, before our army landed, and saw for himself, and for the information of our navy, that Cervera's fleet was really in Santiago Harbor.

Had the line officers named above been in the army instead of navy, and done services equally "eminent and conspicuous" with those for which they were advanced, they would have been promoted at once to the grade above their own—perhaps higher still—but in either event the higher rank would be in the volunteer army only. About fifty colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors of the regular army now rank and serve as brigadier-generals and major-generals of volunteers; among them are Chaffee, Young, Ludlow, Lawton, Sumner—and, indeed, all the general officers except Wheeler who fought under Shafter at Santiago. All of our general officers in Puerto Rico, except Miles and Brooke, are commissioned to the volunteer army, while retaining their original rank and positions as field officers of regular regiments. In a large volunteer army there is always room for one more general officer, should any one specially merit promotion. But there is no volunteer navy—at least, the increase in time of war does not correspond in nature with the volunteer army. A naval captain is of the relative rank of an army colonel; even were there a volunteer force into which he could be promoted, the grades above his own are those of commodore and rear-admiral—grades in which a man must command a fleet or a squadron. Brigades and divisions are numerous, fleets and squadrons very few; so naval officers must be satisfied with advancement in their respective grades. They have the further satisfaction of knowing that at the end of a war they will remain at any altitude they may have reached on the list, while many brigadiers and major-generals—unless the regular army chances to be enlarged—must go back to the regimental or staff positions they held at the outbreak of hostilities.

## HEALTHFUL CAMPS

The common opinion that any ground which is not swampy is fit for human habitation is being rudely shaken by the continuous effort of the War Department to obtain proper campgrounds for the volunteers and regulars still in this country. The Florida coast has been regarded for years as a health resort, but localities in which great hotels have been reared and made popular have proved unfit for the troops.

Camp Alger, Virginia, is distrusted, although the natural drainage is fair and the water supply good, but all the places suggested as substitutes seem open to criticism. The eastern end of Long Island, consisting principally of sand dunes swept by ocean breezes, was selected for the home-coming heroes of Santiago, but at one time it seemed that it would have to be abandoned because the available drinking water contained an unsafe proportion of salt. Even Chickamauga Park is frequently declared unfit for human habitation. By the time the volunteer army disbands the larger areas of real estate in the Atlantic States will have been inspected, from the sanitary standpoint, as never before.



## NAVAL OFFICERS RECENTLY ADVANCED IN THEIR GRADES "FOR EMINENT AND CONSPICUOUS CONDUCT IN BATTLE"



COMMODORE W. T. SAMPSON,  
Advanced eight numbers and appointed  
Rear-Admiral



COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY,  
Advanced six numbers and appointed  
Rear-Admiral



CAPT. F. J. HIGGINSON,  
of the "Massachusetts," advanced three  
numbers



CAPT. R. D. EVANS,  
of the "Iowa," advanced five numbers



CAPT. JOHN W. PHILIP,  
of the "Texas," advanced five numbers and  
appointed a Commodore



CAPT. CHARLES E. CLARK,  
of the "Oregon," advanced six numbers



CAPT. F. A. COOK,  
of the "Brooklyn," advanced five numbers



CAPT. F. E. CHADWICK,  
of the "New York," advanced five  
numbers



CAPT. H. C. TAYLOR,  
of the "Indiana," advanced five numbers



CAPT. R. H. MCCALLA,  
of the "Marblehead," advanced six num-  
bers and appointed a captain

### OUR LONDON LETTER

**M**OST people whom one meets here discredit the story that Admiral Cervera will permit himself to be lionized either at Newport or anywhere else. This brave man's position is already painful enough. He obeyed the scandalous orders which no doubt emanated from Senor Sagasta, and put himself at the head of just such a forlorn hope as that which Tennyson made still more famous when he sang of it—

"Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die."

The doing was futile enough at Santiago, but the dying was a lurid episode that will burn out in grim grandeur from many an unwritten historic page. There are countries that would welcome back the hero of so sublime a defeat. But Spain is not one of them, and Cervera is doubtless very well aware of it. At the best cold discountenance would await him; at the worst trial for treason or assassination. In any case he would run the risk of being victimized by some ferocious act of childishness. If he prefers, therefore, to live in the United States, no one can possibly blame him. He has, we are informed, a wife and family in Spain. Provided he can afford to establish a household on American soil, let him by all means adopt such a course. But that his residence in America should be attended by the least social flourish would instantly bring against him the deserved charge of bad taste. Going to Newport and having himself petted and pitied by fine ladies would prove a sorry imprudence indeed. Proceedings of this sort might well incite against him indignation among those of his fellow-countrymen whose respect and approval he values and esteems. No; retirement, if not privacy, is the one note for him now to strike. Misfortune so memorable should be borne with dignity and reserve. If the admiral likes a brandy-and-soda (as certain naval gentlemen sometimes do) there are other places where he may sip it more decorously than inside the Newport Casino, or even, for that matter, at the mahoganies of our smartest plutocrats.

I wish it were a certainty that by the time these words are printed peace would have arrived. When she does appear, things will look rather new to her. She had to go, it will be remembered, in something of a hurry. Her immemorial enemy, whom she has spent thousands of years in avoiding, came along at hot speed. If it hadn't been for the help of her two faithful old handmaids, Charity and Loving-Kindness, she would hardly have got away in decorous fashion. They had, as it was, to do



LIEUT. VICTOR BLUE,  
of the "Swansea," advanced five numbers  
for extraordinary heroism



LT. COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT,  
of the "Gloucester," advanced ten numbers

some mending on her olive crown, which agitation had both displaced and injured. Then it took some time to pack the portmanteau with two or three peplums and a few white sandals. This Peace and Loving-Kindness had to accomplish together, for Charity was off buying the railway tickets. They were to take the night-express for Paradise, and though Charity knew the different trains to the old abode perfectly well, it was all a bit confusing, just then, as she and her mistress had been living so long a time in America. When she got back to the home of the goddess it was almost time to start. But behold the drawing-room quite crowded with friends who had come to say good-by! For Peace never goes away that she does not leave great sadness and anxiety behind her. There was Order, with a half-distracted look on her meek face. There was Law, her husband, restlessly fingering the buttons of his waistcoat. All the Arts had come, of course, for is not their other name the Humanities? Very forlorn looked poor Literature; she was already reduced to a gown made wholly of newspapers, and she shivered even in the summer air. Her sorrow was plainly sincere; but on the face of Drama, her sister (only a step-sister, by the way), was more of wrath than regret; and her hand kept straying toward the pocket of her robe with a peculiar disquiet.

When Peace actually returns again she will find, as I have said, certain reasons to feel sharp surprise. The conflict that expelled her will entirely have changed its character. When we went to war, only a few weeks ago, we had no more idea of trying to grab the Philippines than if each one of them had been a separate moon.

We don't want the moon, except as a kind of future coaling station when scientific air-travel has been highly developed, and even for a slimmer cause do we want the Philippines. It is all very well for such statesmen as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge to get up in Congress and echo, parrot-like, something that Mr. Balfour has recently said in the House of Commons. When Mr. Balfour uttered his sentiment that where the British flag had once been reared there must it always remain, he was speaking of a totally different flag and a totally different country from our own. Mr. Lodge (when piping his reply in the Englishman's tune) is no less unimpressive than plagiaristic. All ampler-minded men, all men of the graver and richer feeling, all men who do not think with their imaginations and argue by the aid of their prejudices, know perfectly well that, in this case, what is sauce for the British Lion is not sauce for the American Eagle.

Slight attention should be given to bombastic assertions that America "owes it to herself not to withdraw from the positions her victories have won her," or that "this nation in the near future is to become the leading factor in international politics," and that "we cannot retreat to our former policy of isolation," and that (still wilder buncombe!) "the future of an unborn empire of the West, the farthest West, that borders on the East again, lies in our hands," and that "we can take care of all the possessions we may acquire, and comfortably shoulder all the tremendous duties we may assume. The future broadens before us in wonderful ways."

These thunderous announcements are made, according to a New York correspondent of the London "Westminster Gazette," by Senator Davis of Minnesota. I spoke a little while ago about our securing the moon. Senator Davis, with his brummagem grandiloquence, almost makes one wish that we could secure it, as "a future unborn empire" of Nowhere in Particular, and turn it (since the astronomers tell us it is pretty dry already) into a sort of new Dry Tortugas. Thither should be sent Senator Davis and all the politicians who resemble him, and placed in a suite of chambers lined with portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Henry Clay, and other real American patriots. If they did not blush themselves into apoplexy within a week or two after the beginning of their exile, our attendant lunar physicians would surely be compelled to affirm their nervous systems as inexplicably and deplorably tough as their "imperial" consciences.

LONDON, Aug. 10, 1898.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



HER CONSO

GETTYSBURG, 1863—

(DRAWN BY A. B.

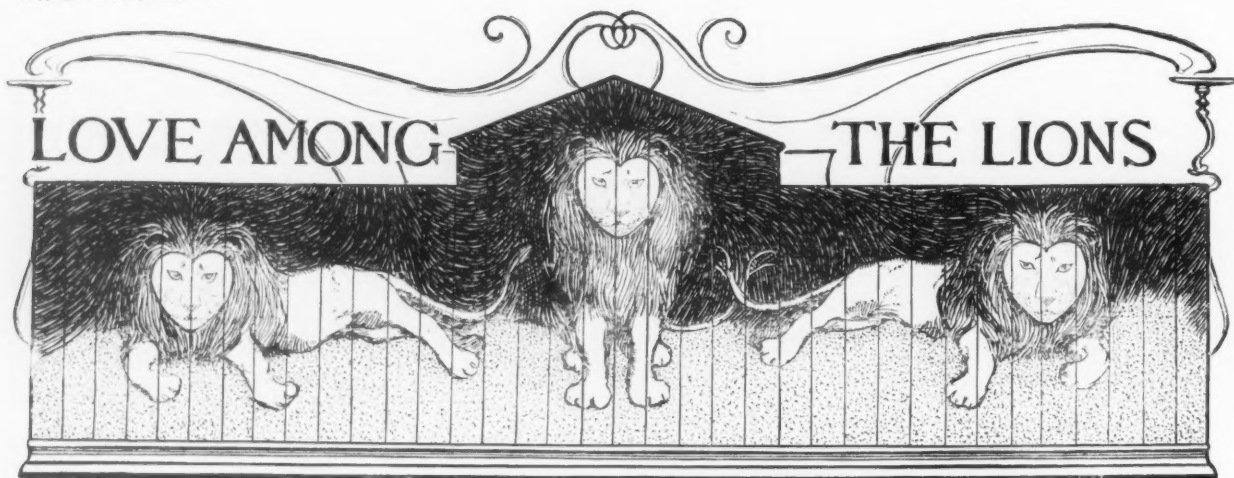




ER CONSOLATION"

BURG, 1863—SANTIAGO, 1898

(DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL)



## THE HISTORY OF A MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE

By F. ANSTEY

Author of "The Tinted Venus," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

### PART I



IN THE following pages will be found the only authentic account of an affair which provided London, and indeed all England, with material for speculation and excitement for a period of at least nine days.

So many inaccurate versions have been circulated, so many ill-natured and unjust aspersions have been freely cast, that it seems advisable, for the sake of

those principally concerned, to make a plain unvarnished statement of the actual facts. And when I mention that I who write this am the Theodore Blenkinsop whose name was, not long since, as familiar in the public mouth as household words, I venture to think that I shall at once recall the matter to the shortest memory, and establish my right to speak with authority on the subject.

At the time I refer to I was—and, for the matter of that, still am—employed at a lucrative salary as taster to a well-known firm of tea merchants in the City. I occupied furnished apartments, a sitting-room and bedroom, over a dairy establishment in Tadmore Terrace, near Baalbec Road, in the pleasant and salubrious district of Highbury.

Arrived at the age of twenty-eight, I was still a bachelor and had felt no serious inclination to change my condition—until the memorable afternoon on which the universe became transformed for me in the course of a quiet stroll round Canonbury Square.

For the information of those who may be unacquainted with it, I may state that Canonbury Square is a locality in Islington; the houses, though undeniably dingy as to their exteriors, are highly respectable, and mostly tenanted by members of the medical, musical or scholastic professions; some have balconies and verandas which make it difficult to believe that one has not met them, like their occupiers, at some watering-place in the summer.

The Square is divided into two by a road on which frequent tram-cars run to the city, and the two central inclosures are neatly laid out with graveled paths and garden seats; in the one there is a dove-cote, in the other there are large terra cotta oil-jars bringing recollections of the Arabian Nights and the devoted Morgiana.

All this, I know, is not strictly to the point, but I am anxious to make it clear that the locality, though not perhaps a chosen haunt of Rank and Fashion, possesses compensations of its own.

Strolling round Canonbury Square, then, I happened to glance at a certain ground-floor window in which an art-pot in the form of a chipped egg, hanging in gilded chains, and enameled shrimp pink, gave a note of femininity that softened the dusty severity of a wire-blind.

Under the chipped egg and above the top of the blind, gazing out with an air of listless disdain and utter weariness, was a lovely vivid face, which, with its hint of pent-up passion and tropical languor, I mentally likened to a pomegranate flower. Not that I have ever seen a pomegranate flower, though I am more familiar with the fruit—which, to my palate, has too much the flavor of firewood to be wholly agreeable—but somehow it seemed the only appropriate comparison.

After that, few days passed on which I did not saunter at least once round the Square, and several times I was rewarded by the sight of that same exquisite face, looking out over the wire-

blind, always with the same look of intense boredom and haughty resentment of her surroundings—a kind of modern Mariana, with an area to represent the moat.

I was hopelessly in love from the very first; I thought of nothing but how to obtain admission to her presence. As time went on, I fancied that when I passed there was a gleam of recognition, of half-awakened interest in her long-lashed eyes, but it was difficult to be certain. On the railings by the door was a large brass plate on which was engraved: "Æneas Polkinghorne, Professor of Elocution. Prospectus within." So I knew the name of my divinity. I can give no greater indication of the extent of my passion, even at this stage, than by saying that I found this surname musical and lingered over each syllable with delight.

But that brought me no nearer to her, and at last a plan occurred to me by which the abyss of

self—at all, stout, flabby person, with sandy hair combed back over his brow and worn long behind—who showed a most sympathetic interest in me, inquiring whether I wished to be prepared for the Church, the Stage, or the Bar, or whether I had any idea of entering Parliament. I fear I allowed him to suppose the latter, although I am about as likely to get into Parliament as into an imperial pint measure; but I had to say something to account for my visit, and the tea trade does not call for much in the way of oratorical skill from its votaries.

Our interview was brief, but I came away not only with a prospectus but with tickets, for which I paid cash, entitling me to a course of six lessons in elocution.

This was rather more than I had calculated upon, but at least it gave me the entrée into the house, and it might lead to something more.

It did not seem as if it was going to lead to much; the Professor's method of teaching was peculiar: he would post me in a study at the back of the house, where I was instructed to declaim some celebrated oration at the top of my voice while he retired upstairs to discover how far my voice would carry. After twenty minutes or so he would return with the information, which I have no reason to disbelieve, that he had not heard a single word above the first landing.

Still I persevered, sustained by the thought that, when I was delivering the oration of Brutus over Caesar, or the famous passage about the queen of France and the "ten thousand swords leaping from their scabbards," my words might perchance reach Miss Polkinghorne's ear and excite in her a passing emotion.

But I came to the end of my tickets and still I was as far as ever from my goal, while the exertion of shouting had rendered me painfully husky.

Yet I would not give in; I set myself to gain the Professor's good opinion; I took more tickets. It was not till after I had run through these that I ascertained, by an apparently careless inquiry, that there was no such person as Miss Polkinghorne—the Professor was a widower and had never had a daughter!

The thought that I had wasted so much time and money for nothing was bitter at first, and I very nearly decided to discontinue my studies there and then. But I conquered my feelings. Though the Professor was no relation to this young lady, he must know her name, he must be able to give me some information about her; a little judicious pumping might render him communicative.

"My dear sir," he said, after I had been beating about the bush for some time with cautious delicacy, "I think I understand. You are anxious to make this young lady's acquaintance with a view to paying your addresses to her? Is not that so?"

I confessed that he had managed to penetrate my motives, though I could not imagine how.

"You will not be the first who has sought to win Lurana's affections," he said. "More than one of my pupils—but the child is ambitious, difficult to please. Unfortunately, this is your final lesson; otherwise I might, after preparing the ground, so to say, have presented you to her, and I daresay she would have been pleased to give you a cup of tea occasionally after your labors. Indeed, as Miss Lurana de Castro's stepfather I can answer for that. However, since our acquaintance unhappily ceases here—"

It did not cease there; I took another dozen tickets at once, and if even Polkinghorne had sounded sweetly to my enamored ear, you may conceive what enchanting melody lay in a name so romantic and so euphonious as Lurana de Castro.

The Professor was as good as his word; at the



LURANA

the area that separated us might possibly be bridged over. Nothing could be simpler than my device—and yet there was an audacity about it that rather startled me at first. It was this: the brass plate said "Prospectus within." Very well, all I had to do was to knock boldly and ask for one—which, after some natural hesitation, I did.

Any wild hope of obtaining an interview with Miss Polkinghorne was doomed to instant disappointment. I was received by the Professor him-



end of the very next lesson I was invited to follow him to the drawing-room, where I found the owner of the brilliant face that had so possessed me seated by her tea-table.

She gave me a cup of tea, and I can pay her witchery no higher compliment when I state that it seemed to me as nectar, even though my trained palate detected in it an inartistic and incongruous blend of broken teas, utterly without either style or quality. I am not sure that I did not ask for another!

She was astonishingly lovely; her Spanish descent was apparent in her magnificent black tresses, lustrous eyes, and oval face of olive tinted with richest carmine. As I afterward learned, she was the daughter of a Spanish government official of an ancient Castilian family, who had left his widow in such straitened circumstances that she was compelled to support herself by exhibiting performing mice and canaries at juvenile parties, until she met and married the Professor, who at that time was delivering recitations illustrated by an oxy-hydrogen lantern.

The second marriage had not been altogether a success, and, now that the Professor was a widower, I fancy that his relations with his imperious step-daughter were not invariably of the most cordial nature, and that he would have been grateful to any one who succeeded in winning her hand and freeing him from her sway.

I did not know that then, however, though I was struck by the deferential politeness of his manner toward her, and the alacrity with which, after he had refreshed himself, he shuffled out of the room, leaving Lurana to entertain me single-handed.

That first evening with her was not unmixed joy. I had the consciousness of being on trial. I knew that many had been tried and found wanting before me. Lurana's attitude was languid, indifferent, almost disdainful, and when I went away I had a forlorn conviction that I should never again be asked to tea with her, and that the last series of tickets represented money absolutely thrown away!

And yet I was asked again—not only once but many times, which was favorable as far as it went; for I felt tolerably certain that the Professor would never have ventured to bring me a second time into his daughter's presence unless he had been distinctly given to understand that my society was very far from distasteful to her.

As I grew to know her better I learned the secret of her listlessness and discontent with life. She was tormented by the vague ambitions and the distinct limitations which imbibed existence for so many young girls of our day.

The admiration which her beauty excited gave her little satisfaction; such social success as Highbury and Canonbury could offer left her cold and unmoved. She was pining for some distinction which should travel beyond her own narrow little world, and there did not seem to be any obvious way of attaining it. She would not have minded being a popular author or artist—only she could find nothing worth writing about, and she did not know how to draw; she would have loved to be a great actress—but unfortunately she had never been able to commit the shortest part to memory, and the pride of a De Castro forbade her to accept anything but leading roles.

No wonder that she was devoured by dullness, or that there were moments when she beat her pinions like some captive wild bird against the cage of her own incompetence. Even I, although fairly content with my lot, would sometimes flap my own wings, so to speak, from sheer sympathy.

"It's maddening to be a nobody!" she would declare, as she threw herself petulantly back in her chair, with her arms raised behind her and her interlaced fingers forming a charming cradle for her head—a favorite attitude of hers. "It does seem stupid not to be celebrated when almost everybody is! And to think that I have a friend like Ruth Rakestraw, who knows ever so many editors and people, and could make me famous with a few strokes of the pen—if only I did something to give her the chance. But I never do!"

Miss Rakestraw, I should explain, was an enterprising young lady journalist who contributed society news and "on dits" to the leading *Islington* and *Holloway* journals, and was understood to have had "leaderettes" and "turnovers" accepted by periodicals of even greater importance.

"If only," Lurana burst out on one of these occasions, "if only I could do something once which would get my name into all the papers,

set everybody thinking of me, talking of me, staring after me wherever I went, make editors write for my photograph, and interviewers beg for my biography, I think I should be content."

I made the remark, which was true but not perhaps startling in its originality, that Fame of this kind was apt to be of brief duration.

"What should I care?" she cried, "I should have had it. I could keep the cuttings. They would always be there to remind me that once at least—but what's the use of talking? I shall never see my name in the papers. I know I shan't!"

"There is a way!" I ventured to observe. "You might have your name in all the papers—if you married."

"As if I meant that!" she said, with a deliciously contemptuous pout. "And whom should I marry, if you please—Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"You might marry me!" I suggested humbly. "You!" she retorted. "How would that make me a celebrity? You are not even one yourself."

"I do not care to boast," I said, "but it is the simple fact that nobody in the entire tea trade has a palate approaching mine for keenness and



I WAS RECEIVED BY THE PROFESSOR HIMSELF, WHO SHOWED A MOST SYMPATHETIC INTEREST IN ME

delicacy. Ask any one and they will tell you the same."

"You may be the best tea-taster in the world," she said, "but the purity of your palate will never gain you a paragraph in a single society paper. And even if it did, what should I gain? At the best a reflected glory. I want to be a Somebody myself!"

"What's the use of trying to make ourselves what we are not?" I broke out. "If Fate has made us wooden ninepins in the world's nursery, we may batter our heads against the door as much as we like, but we can never batter them into profiles!"

I thought this rather neatly put myself, but it did not appeal to Miss de Castro, who retorted with some asperity that I was the best judge of the material of my own head, but hers, at least, was not wooden, while she had hitherto been under the impression that it already possessed a profile—such as it was.

She could not be brought to understand that I was merely employing a metaphor, and for the remainder of the evening her demeanor was so crushingly chilling that I left in the lowest spirits, persuaded that my unlucky tongue had estranged me from Lurana forever.

For some time I avoided Canonbury Square altogether, for I felt unequal to facing an elocution lesson uncompensated by tea with Miss de Castro and the half-hour or more of delightful solitude *a deux* which followed the meal—for it had never occurred to the Professor to provide his step-daughter with a chaperon.

At last, when on the verge of despair, hope returned in the form of a little note from Lurana asking whether I was dead and inviting me, if still in existence, to join a small party to visit the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall the next evening and return to supper afterward at Canonbury Square—an invitation which, need I say? I joyfully accepted.

We were only four—Miss Rakestraw and her fiancé, a smart young solicitor's clerk of the name of Archibald Chuck, whose employer had lately presented him with his "articles"; myself, and Lurana. The Professor was unable to accompany us, having an engagement to read "Hiawatha" to a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society that evening.

Part of the hall was taken up by various side-shows, shooting galleries and steam merry-go-rounds, which produced a discordant and deafening din until a certain hour of the evening, when the noises subsided and Wooker & Sawkins' World-Renowned Circus gave a performance in the arena which occupied the center.

Miss Rakestraw's connection with the Press procured us free passes to the reserved seats close to the ring; my chair was next Lurana's, and she was graciously pleased to ignore our recent difference. The entertainment was of the usual variety. I suppose; but, to tell the truth, I was so absorbed in the bliss of being once more by her side and watching her face, which looked more dazzling than ever through the delicate meshes of her veil, that I have the vaguest recollection of the earlier items of the programme.

But toward the close there came a performance which I have good reason to remember.

An enormous elephant entered the circle drawing a trolley, upon which was an iron cage containing forest-bred African lions. After the electric globes had been lowered so as to illuminate the interior, "Niono, the Lion King," a dapper, well-made man of very much my own height and figure, so far as I could judge, went into the cage and put the animals through various exercises. Niono was succeeded by Mlle. Léonie, "the Circe of the Carnivora," a pretty Frenchwoman, who, as it seemed to me, surpassed him in coolness and daring. There was nothing disagreeably sensational about the exhibition; all the animals were evidently under perfect control. The huge black-maned lions leaped through the paper hoops and blazing circles without the slightest loss of either temper or dignity; the females followed obediently; only one lioness showed any disposition to be offensive, and she did not venture to go beyond yawning ostentatiously whenever Mlle. Léonie's eye was upon her.

Altogether it was, as I remarked to Lurana at the time, a wonderful instance of the natural dominion of Man over the Animal world. She enthusiastically commended the symmetry of Mr. Niono's figure, which did not strike me as so very much above the average, and to pique her I expressed equal admiration for Mlle. Léonie, and was gratified to observe unmistakable signs of

jealousy on Lurana's part. But we were both agreed that the profession of lion-taming looked more dangerous than it actually was, and Archibald Chuck mentioned that some townsman in the provinces had, for a very trifling wager, entered a den of lions in a traveling menagerie with perfect impunity. Miss Rakestraw capped this by a case from America, in which a young couple had actually chosen a lion's cage to be married in, though she admitted that the story was possibly a fabrication.

I walked back with Lurana alone, as we somehow lost sight of Mr. Chuck and his fiancée in the crush going out, and on the way home I could not refrain from pleading my cause once more. I told her how I had loved her at first sight, and how many elocution lessons I had endured for her sake; I pointed out that I was already receiving a salary sufficient to maintain a wife in comfort if not luxury, and that her married life could hardly be more monotonous and congenial than her present existence.

She listened attentively as if moved. Presently she said: "Theodore, I will be perfectly frank. I do like you. I believe I could even love you. But I have Spanish blood in my veins. I could never be satisfied with a humdrum conventional marriage."

I was inexpressibly shocked. I had no idea that her views were so emancipated.

"Lurana," I said, "believe me, never mind what the lady novelists say against marriage; it may have its disadvantages, but after all, as Society is constituted—"

"You don't understand," she said. "I am not opposed to marriage—with a man who is willing to make some concession, some slight sacrifice, to gratify me. But are you that kind of man, Theodore, I wonder?"

I saw that she was already beginning to yield. "I would do anything—anything in the world you bid me," I cried, "if only you will be my wife, Lurana!"

"I should ask you to do nothing that I am not perfectly prepared to do myself," she said. "A temporary inconvenience, a risk which is the merest trifle. Still, you may think it too much, Theodore."

"Name it!" I replied. "The opportunities which the tea trade affords for the cultivation of heroism are rare, but there are few risks that I would shrink from running with you."

"It is only this," she said: "I don't want a commonplace wedding. I want one that will be talked about and make a sensation. Will you let me be married in my own way?"

I was rather relieved by what seemed so modest a demand. "Certainly, darling," I said; "we will be married in Westminster Abbey, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, if you wish it and it can be arranged. What matter where or how the ceremony takes place or what it costs, provided it makes you mine forever?"

"Then, Theodore,"

she said, pressing my arm impulsively with her slim fingers, while the rays of a street lamp in the Square fell on her upturned face and shining eyes, "let us be married in the Agricultural Hall—in the Lions' Cage!"

I confess to being considerably startled. I had expected something rather out of the common, but nothing in the least like this.

"In the Lions' Cage!" I repeated blankly; "wouldn't that be rather *smelly*, Lurana? And besides, the menagerie people would never lend it for such a purpose. Where would they put the lions, you know?"

"Why, the lions would be *there*, of course," she said, "or else there'd be nothing in it!"

"If I am to be married in a lion's cage," I said, with a very feeble attempt at levity, "I should very much prefer that there *was* nothing in it."

"Ah, you may laugh, Theodore!" she said, "but after all your professions, surely you won't refuse the very first indulgence I ask! You may think it a mere whim, a girlish caprice, but understand this: I am thoroughly in earnest about it. If you are willing to marry me as I wish, the wedding may be as soon as ever you please. But if not, tell me so plainly and let us part forever. Either I will be married in my own way, or not at all."

What could I do? It was simply impossible to give her up now, the very moment after she was won. And to lose her for such a mere punctilio—for of course this condition of hers was too fantastic to be practicable; the Professor would certainly refuse his consent to so eccentric a ceremony, and Lurana herself would probably realize before long the absurdity of the idea. In the meantime, as her acknowledged fiancée, I should have the immense advantage of being on the spot when she returned to a more reasonable frame of mind.

So I gave way and assured her that I had no personal objection to lions, and would as soon be married in their presence as elsewhere, provided that we could obtain the necessary permission; and, even if I had thought this more probable than I did, I believe—so potent was the witchery of Lurana's voice and eyes—I should have said precisely the same.

"Dearest Theodore!" she murmured, "I never really doubted you. I felt so sure that you would be nice and sympathetic about it. If we couldn't agree about such a trifling thing as where we are to be married, we *should* be unsuited to one another, shouldn't we? Now we will just walk round the Square once more, and then go in and tell the others what we have arranged."

They had sat down to supper when we entered, and the Professor cast a glance of keen inquiry through his spectacles at us over the cold beef and pickles with which he was recruiting his energies after "Hiawatha." "Yes, papa," said Lurana calmly, "we are a little late—but Theodore has been asking me to marry him and I have said I would."

Then there was an outburst of congratulations from Miss Rakestraw and Chuck; old Polkinghorne thought fit to conceal his joy under a cloak

of stagey emotion. "Well, well," he said, "it is Nature's law; the young birds spread their wings and quit the warm nest, and the old ones are left to sit and brood over the past. I cannot blame you, child. As for *you*, my boy," he added, extending a flabby hand to me, "all I can say is, there is no one to whom I would so willingly surrender her."

There was scarcely any one to whom, in my opinion, he would *not* surrender her with the utmost alacrity; for, as I have already hinted, Lurana, with all her irresistible fascination, had a temper of her own and was apt to make the parental nest a trifle too warm for the elder bird occasionally.

"And when am I to lose my sunbeam?" he asked. "Not just yet?"

"Theodore wishes to have the marriage as soon as possible," said Lurana, "by special license."

"Have you settled where?" inquired Miss Rakestraw, with feminine interest in such details.

"Well," said Lurana slowly, evidently enjoying the effect she was producing, "Theodore and I have quite made up our minds to be married at the Menagerie—in the den of lions."

"How splendid!" exclaimed the lady journalist. "It's never been done over here. What a sensation it will make! I'll do a full descriptive report for all my papers!"

"That's what I call a real sporting way of getting spiced," said Chuck. "Only wish I'd thought of it myself before I had our banns put up, Ruth. First-rate idea of yours, Blenkinsop!"

"Of course," I said, "if the Professor thinks it in the least unsafe—"

"Oh, it's safe enough!" put in Chuck, who was a little too apt to volunteer his opinion. "Why, we've seen the lions, Professor—they're as quiet as lambs. And anyway, they'd have the lion-tamer in with them, you know. They'll be all right!"

"I think," said the Professor, "we may disre-

gard the danger; but the expense—have you thought what it will cost, Theodore?"

"I have not," I said; "not till you mentioned it. It will probably be enormous—more than I could possibly afford—unless you are ready to go halves?" I concluded, feeling perfectly certain that he was ready to do nothing of the sort.

"But look here," said Chuck; "why should it cost you anything? If you go the right way about it, you ought to get all your expenses paid by the circus and a share of the gate-money into the bargain."

"Oh, Mr. Chuck!" cried Lurana, "how clever of you to think of that! *Wasn't it, Theodore?*"

I could have kicked Chuck, but I said it was a stroke of positive genius.

"That's simple enough," he said; "the rock I see ahead is getting the special license. You see, if you want to marry anywhere else than in a certified place of worship or a registry office, you must first satisfy the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Surrogate, or whoever the Johnny is at Doctors' Commons who looks after these things, that it's a 'convenient place' within the Marriage Act of 1836. Now, the point is, *will* a cage of lions strike them as coming under that description?"

If it did, the ecclesiastical notions of convenience must be more than peculiar. For the first time I realized what an able fellow Chuck was.

"My dear Chuck!" I said, "what a marvelous knowledge you have of law. You've hit the weak spot. It would be perfectly hopeless to make such an application. It's a pity, but we must give it up, that's all—we must give it up."

"Then," said Lurana, "we must give up any marriage at all; for I certainly don't intend to marry anywhere else."

"After all," said the irrepressible Chuck, "all you need apply for is a license to marry in the Agricultural Hall; they won't want to know the exact spot. I tell you what; you go and talk it over with the circus people and fix the day, and I'll go up to Doctors' Commons and get round 'em somehow—you leave it to me."

"Do you know," said the Professor, beaming, "I really begin to think this idea of yours can be carried out quite comfortably after all, Theodore. It certainly has the attraction of novelty, besides being safe, and even it may be remunerative. To a true lover, a lion's cage may be as fit a temple of Hymen as any other structure, and their roars be gentle as the ringdove's coo. Go and see these people the first thing to-morrow, and no doubt you will be able to come to terms with them."

This I agreed to do, and Lurana insisted on coming with me. Miss Rakestraw was in ecstasies over our proposal, and undertook to what she called "boom the wedding for all it was worth" in every paper with which she had any connection, and with other more influential organs to which the possession of such exclusive intelligence as hers would procure her the entrée.

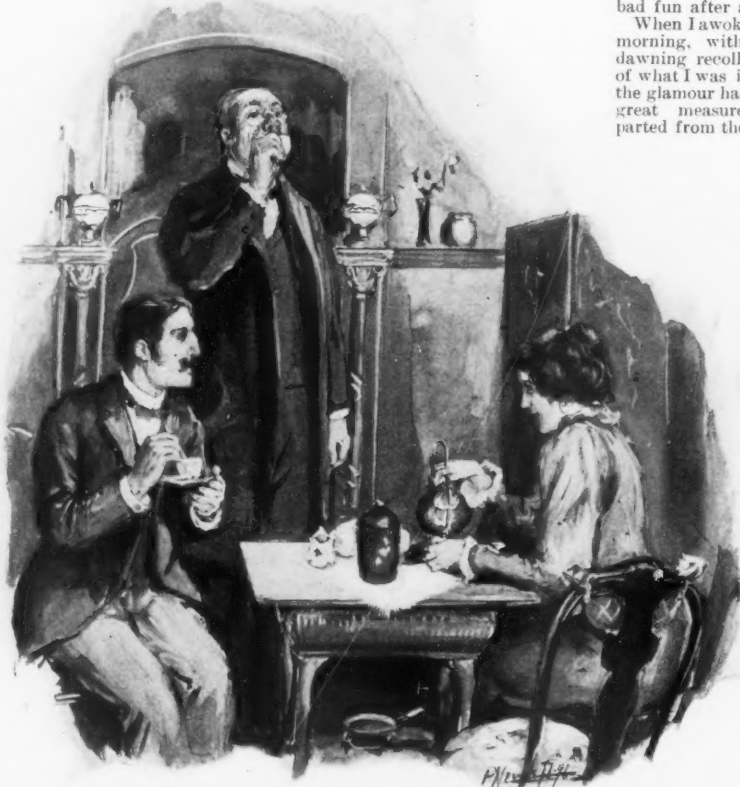
By the end of the evening she had completely turned Lurana's head, and even I myself was not

quite untouched by the general enthusiasm. It seemed to me that being married in a den of lions might not be such bad fun after all.

When I awoke next morning, with the dawning recollection of what I was in for, the glamour had in a great measure departed from the idea.



I WAS INSTRUCTED TO DECLAIM SOME CELEBRATED ORATION AT THE TOP OF MY VOICE



SHE GAVE ME A CUP OF TEA





MISS RUTH RAKESTRAW

which seemed to me at best but a foolish piece of bravado. It had been arranged that I should call for Lurana immediately after breakfast and interview the circus proprietors on my way to business, and I rather expected to find that the night had borne counsel to her as well as myself; but she was in exuberant spirits and as keen about the project as ever, so I thought it better not to betray that my own ardor had abated.

But what, after all, were we going to request? That these people should allow their lions to be inconvenienced, quite unnecessarily, by a wedding in their cage between two perfect strangers who had all London to choose from!

I believed that they would decline to entertain the suggestion for a moment—and, if so, I could not blame them. I felt that they would have both right and reason on their side.

On arriving at the Hall we inquired for Mr. Wooker or Mr. Sawkins, and were requested to wait, which we did in a draughty passage smelling strongly of stables, while loud snorting and wheezing reached our ears from the arena, where they seemed to be exercising the circus stud.

At last we were told that Mr. Sawkins would see us (I don't know to this day whether Mr. Wooker had any real existence or not), and we were shown up to his office, which did not differ from any other office except that it had a gaudy circus poster and a bill announcing the sale by auction of some rival menagerie pinned against the wall. As for Mr. Sawkins, he was a florid, jowly man, with the remnants of his hair dyed and parted down the middle, a kind of amalgam of a country job-master and the dignified person who bows customers into chairs in a fashionable draper's establishment.

He heard Lurana, who acted as spokeswoman, with magisterial gravity, and to my surprise without appearing to regard us as a pair of morbid maniacs.

"There's no denying," he said, "that the thing would draw if properly billed, always supposing, mind you, that it's capable of being done at all. And the only person able to give an opinion about that is Mr. Onion—the gentleman," he explained, "who is our Lion King. He spells his name 'Niono' professionally, which gives it more of an African flavor, if you follow my meaning. I'll call down the tube for him."

I awaited Mr. Onion's arrival with impatience. He presently made his appearance in a short braided tunic with black lamb's wool round the collar and cuffs. By daylight his countenance, though far from ill-looking, was sallow and seamed; there was a glance of admiration in his bold dark eyes as they rested on Lurana's spirited face.

"Well," he decided, after the case had been explained to him, "if the lady's as game as she seems, and the gentleman likewise, I don't see any objection. Along with me, there'll be no more danger than if it was a cage of white mice—provided you've the nerve for it."

Lurana said proudly that her own mother had been an accomplished animal-trainer (she did not mention the kind of animals) and that she herself was quite incapable of being afraid of a lion.

"If you've got nerve," said Mr. Niono, "you're right enough, but you can't create it. It's a gift. Take me. I'm hardly ever away from my animals. I get downright impatient for every performance. But if ever I got the feeling that I was afraid of them lions, or they weren't afraid of me, do you think I'd trust myself inside that cage? No fear! They've left their marks on me as it is—my 'trade-marks,' as I call 'em—see!" and here he bared his arm and exhibited some fearful scars; "but that's affection, that is!"

He then offered to introduce us to his pets, and I should have accompanied Lurana to see the cage, only on the way we met Mdlle. Leonie, to whom Mr. Sawkins presented me, and naturally I was compelled to stop. She was a piquant-looking woman, not quite in her first youth, perhaps, but still attractive and with the indescribable airy grace of a Parisian, though I believe she came from Belgium. Mademoiselle was charmed with our project, complimented me upon my Britannic phlegm, and predicted that I should find the little experience "all," as she put it, "that there was of the most agreeable"—which I devoutly hoped would be the case.

We were still chatting when Lurana returned, enraptured with the lions, one of whom had actually allowed her to tickle him behind the ear. Niono testified that her nerve, at all events, was beyond question. She was anxious that I should go and tickle the lion, too, but this I declined, being occupied in talking to Mdlle. Leonie at the time.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Sawkins later, as we were discussing the arrangements. "We shouldn't object to paying for the special license—but where are you going to find a parson to marry you? You must have a parson of some sort, you know."

Again Fate seemed to have interposed an insurmountable barrier between us and our desire; I had to admit that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a clergyman courageous enough to enter the cage with us.

"Well, there's no call for him to be inside of it!" said Mr. Niono, who was with us heart and soul by this time; "in fact, the lady and yourself are about as many as I could undertake to be answerable for. We could rig him up a perch outside to read the service from, comfortable."

Even so, I said I was afraid that it was hardly a service one could ask any divine to perform.

"I know a party who'd jump at it," said Mr. Niono, who was full of resource. "The Reverend Skipworth. You know who I mean, Sawkins. Little chap in a check suit and goggles I introduced to you at the bar the other evening—always dropping in, he is. He'd do it, just for the lark of the thing. And he's a regular professional, you know," he added for my benefit, "though he don't sport a white choker in his off hours; likes to go about and see life for himself, and quite right. You get the license, sir, and I'll guarantee that the Reverend Ninian Skipworth will do the job for you."

So we left the hall delighted, especially Lurana, with the unexpected ease with which our object had been attained. It had seemed at first the wildest extravagance—and now there seemed every prospect that Lurana and I would really exchange our marriage vows in a den of forest-bred lions—unless (which of course was a possibility that had to be taken into account) the ecclesiastical authorities should refuse to grant the special license.

I was unable to appear in person at Doctors' Commons, for Lurana insisted that I should leave the whole matter in Chuck's hands, but I impressed upon him the necessity of absolute candor with the officials.

Whether he told them all, whether they were remiss in making full inquiry, or whether—as I would rather not think—he intentionally deceived them, I cannot say; but at all events he came back triumphantly with the special license.

Wooker & Sawkins had fixed an early date, and wished the wedding to take place at night, so as to figure in the evening performance; but the Surrogate or somebody at the office had insisted that it must be in the afternoon, which would of course oblige Mr. Sawkins to introduce it at a matinee performance.

Miss Rakestraw proved herself a born journalist. She placed her news at the disposal of an enterprising evening journal, whose bills that very same evening came out with startling alliterative headlines such as—

LOVE LAUGHS AT LIONS!

CANONBURY COUPLE AGREE TO MARRY IN CAGE—  
FUL OF CARNIVORA

and from that moment, as the reader will recollect, Lurana and I became public characters.

There were portraits—quite unrecognizable—of us in several of the illustrated weeklies, together with sketches of and interviews with us both, contributed by Miss Ruth's facile stylograph, and an account of the Professor, contributed by himself.

As for the daily papers, there was scarcely one, from "The Times" downward, which did not contain a leader, a paragraph, or a letter on the subject of our contemplated wedding. Some denounced me violently for foolhardy rashness;



AT THE FAIR

others for the selfishness with which I was encouraging an impressionable girl to risk her life to gratify my masculine vanity; several indignantly demanded whether it was true that the Archbishop had sanctioned such a scandalous abuse of marriage rites, and if so, what the Home Office were about?

There was a risk that all this publicity would end in the authorities being compelled to interfere and countermand the ceremony, and yet I cannot honestly say that I disliked the fuss that was made about it. In the City, to be sure, I had to put up with a certain amount of chaff—facetious inquiries as to whether I intended to present the bridesmaids with bones or pieces of raw meat, and the precise locality in which my wife and I thought of spending our honeymoon. But such badinage covered a very genuine respect for my intrepidity, and I was looked upon as a credit to the tea trade.

The appointed day was getting nearer and nearer, and still—so wonderfully did Fortune befriend us—the authorities gave no sign of any intention to interfere. Parliament had not yet reassembled, so no one could rise and put a question in the House to the Home Secretary, and if government officials ever read the morning papers, it seemed that they did not feel called upon to take cognizance of anything they read there, unless compelled to do so by pressure from without.

Nor did the Archbishop take any steps. No doubt he may have been unaware of the precise conditions under which the ceremony was to be sanctioned, and the same remark applies to the Bishop of London. It is true that their attention was drawn to the facts by more than one postcard, as I have reason to know. But some people make a practice—and it is not for me to condemn them—of taking no notice of anonymous communications.

However, as the time drew on, I thought it would be only proper on my part to go and call upon the Reverend Ninian Skipworth, the curate with whom our energetic friend Mr. Niono had now made all the necessary arrangements, and find out, quietly, what his state of mind was. He might be wavering—in which case I should have to strengthen his resolution. Or he might not yet have realized all the possible consequences of his good-nature; and if so, I should not be acting fairly toward him if I did not lay them before him—even though the result should be that he withdrew from his engagement.

Niono had given me his address, and I looked in at the curate's unpretentious lodging one evening on my way home. I found him in, and as soon as he learned my name he offered me a whisky-and-soda and a cigar with most unparsonical joviality.

The Reverend Ninian, I found, was a cleric of the broad-minded school which scorns conventional restrictions; he held that if the Church was to maintain its influence it must follow the trend of modern progress, and neglect no opportunity of winning the hearts of the people; he was only sorry, he told me, that the prejudices of his Bishop would prevent him from reading the service inside the cage.

I replied gratefully that I was sufficiently indebted to him as it was, since if his connection with the affair reached the episcopal ear he would be in serious danger of being suspended—even if he did not receive some still heavier punishment.

"Oh, don't you bother about that!" he said cheerily. "It's awfully good of you to trouble yourself on my account, but if the Bishop is such an old stick-in-the-mud as to haul me up for a little thing like this, I shall simply chuck up the Church altogether, that's all! In fact, I've almost decided to do it in any case, for I believe I could do more real good outside the Establishment than in. And I admire your pluck, my dear fellow, and your manly straightforwardness in coming here like this, and I'm hanged if I don't marry you and chance the consequences—so don't say another word about it!"

I didn't; though I need not say I was profoundly moved by the genuine sympathy and assistance which our project seemed to inspire in the most unexpected quarters.

My one anxiety now was about Lurana. Outwardly she appeared cheerful and even gay, and thoroughly to enjoy her position as the heroine of the hour; but how could I be sure that this was genuine and not a high-strung hysterical self-repression which would be succeeded by a violent reaction—it might be in the lions' cage itself?

From that at all hazards she must be saved. Earnestly, seriously, I pointed out how much would depend on her maintaining perfect coolness and composure during the ceremony, and implored her, if she felt the slightest misgivings, the smallest tendency to shrink in secret from the coming ordeal, not to allow any false pride to close her lips. There was still time, I reminded her. If, on second thoughts, she preferred to be married in the old-time-honored way, instead of in a menagerie den, she had only to say so. Her happiness and comfort were the chief things to consider.

"Withdraw now, Theodore?" she said. "After announcing it in all the papers? Why how could we?"

"I would take all that upon myself," I told her. "I need only say that you don't feel quite equal to facing lions."

"But I do, Theodore," she said; "the dear ducky pussy-faced old things! Who could possibly be afraid of lions—especially with Mr. Niono to protect us!"

"If you knew more about lions, Lurana," I said, "you would know how liable they are to sudden rages and how little even lion-tamers themselves—"

"If you go on like that, Theodore," she said, "I shall begin to think that you want to frighten me—and even that you are just a little frightened yourself. But I'm not to be frightened. I should not be my mother's daughter if I had any fear of animals. And once for all, you will either marry me in the lions' cage or not at all!"

I saw that I should only be exposing myself to further misunderstanding if I pursued the subject. Lurana had that quality of courage which springs from a total lack of imagination; she had never seen a performing lion ramp and roar, and it was inconceivable to her that one could ever indulge in such exercises. Still less did she understand that there is another type of courage which sees all the difficulties and dangers beforehand, even exaggerated by distance, and yet advances calmly and undauntedly to encounter them.

My courage was of that sort, and it is generally admitted that it belongs to a far higher order than the other.

Now that the die was cast I found myself anticipating the eventful day with philosophic equanimity. It was an uncomfortable method of getting married, no doubt; but, after all, what man ever was comfortable at his own wedding?

And surely one crowded quarter of an hour (for it would certainly be crowded in that cage) of glorious life would be worth an age without Lurana—who was not to be won by any other means.

(To be continued.)

## THE ROUGH RIDERS' RETURN

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

ON BOARD TROOPSHIP "MIAMI," Aug. 15, 1908

FOR many days and nights had we been lying in the cavalry camp around San Miguel Hill near the conquered hamlet of El Caney. Every afternoon it rained in torrents, drenching the poor wretches sent to fetch firewood from ever-increasing distances, and always in time to turn the camp into a sloppy, slippery mud-hole as a prelude for our so-called supper of hardtack, bacon and coffee.

In the meanwhile the possession of an ill-gotten Spanish cavalry horse had raised me from the occupations of a common dismounted trooper to a mounted orderly regularly detailed to division headquarters under the direct orders of Major-general Wheeler, more popularly known as "Fighting Joe."

On the day that I reported for duty it fell to my lot to behold the first American woman—using American in our restricted sense of the term—that I had seen since the war had cast me into this part of the world. She rode into camp attended by two orderlies, and I envied them the privilege of holding her horse's reins. Soon I learned that she was the commanding general's daughter, who had hastened to Cuba to nurse her father, believing him to be ill with fever. Instead of that she found her young brother, Lieut. Joe Wheeler, lying sick in his father's tent, and in a very critical stage of the prevalent fever. The old general, who had not been off duty a single day since the moment when, meeting the first wounded soldiers, he climbed out of his ambulance and rode into battle on horseback, swaying in his saddle from the dizziness of fever, was highly wroth, so they said, at his daughter for venturing so far, and ordered her peremptorily to return. The plucky girl brought the old warrior to terms, by offering to return to the city of Santiago at nightfall, there to place herself under the care of Miss Clara Barton as a sick nurse in the hospital improvised by the Red Cross Society. All that afternoon she spent in her father's tent fanning the flaming face of her suffering brother, and stroking his hair, during the lucid moments when he was able to recognize her.

It was nearly sundown, and I had just returned from a short trip across the gully to the headquarters of the negro troopers, when the general stepped out of his tent and called:

"Orderly!"

I stood at attention with my hand on my horse's bridle.

"Do you know the road to Santiago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you go at once?"

"Yes, sir, at once."

"What is your regiment?"

"First Volunteer Cavalry, sir."

"So you are one of the Rough Riders, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I am sure you can be trusted to be careful with horses, and otherwise. What is your name?"

I gave him my name, with the guidon letter of my troop and the name of the captain commanding it.

"Very well," said the general. "I shall inform Colonel Roosevelt that I have sent you into town to act as escort to Miss Wheeler. Take good care

of her and report to General Shafter before you come back. Then report to me in person upon your return."

In lieu of answer I saluted and turned to tighten the girths of the common cavalry saddle with which this daughter of a soldier had to be content.

A few minutes later we rode out of camp, and for a brief space of time I enjoyed the sensation of being the most envied man of an entire cavalry division.

When I reported to General Shafter I found him seated in the council-room of the governor's palace fronting the Plaza de los Armas, where General Wood had established his military governorship over the province of Santiago. General Shafter was nursing his game leg on a camp stool, and was carrying on an animated conversation with a number of Spanish gentlemen. From the conversation, which was carried on through General Shafter's interpreter, Captain Luna of the Rough Riders, I gathered that the dignified Dons were the learned members of the Supreme Court of Santiago, who had just tendered their unanimous resignation to the new government. It was an awkward moment, and General Shafter seemed glad to be interrupted by my clanking intrusion into the assembly, with my sword hand at my hat and my despatch from General Wheeler in my gaiterlet left.

"Present my compliments to General Wheeler," he said, after reading his note, "and tell him that orders have been received to ship his whole division to Long Island as soon as his men get well enough to warrant the voyage."

My heart leaped to my mouth, I know, as I heard the welcome message, but I managed to preserve my military stiffness, replying shortly:

"Very well, sir."

By the time I got back to camp it was long after taps, but as my tired horse stumbled up the rocky slope to division headquarters the old general aroused himself and came out of his tent in his pajamas to receive my report.

"Good news, good news!" he exclaimed as he heard it. "We shall have it made known to the men to-morrow morning early."

The first thing next morning, accordingly, I was sent around to the various regimental hospital tents to announce the news to the army surgeons in charge.

At the last hospital—our own, as it happened—I lingered for a while, partly to chat with our overworked surgeons and partly to watch the effect of the announcement on the poor boys who lay stretched out on the ground below the wagon cover that served as a clinic, hospital and dispensary combined. It was pitiable, indeed, to see the gaunt faces of the sick troopers light up as they heard of the conditional promises of our government, and more pathetic yet to hear them say in varying degrees of attempted energy:

"All right, dock. We'll report for duty to-day, if you'll let us."

And they did, returning to quarters that very afternoon, a miserable, haggard set of men, dragging their feet along the ground and refusing to eat their rations, who but six weeks before had astonished all beholders by the vigor of their stalwart figures and more stalwart appetites.

Rumors of all kinds certainly came in bewildering number in those times. One day it was all settled that we were to go to Puerto Rico; but this, so the wiseacres said, was counteracted by a cable message from Secretary Alger refusing to make more concessions to Colonel Roosevelt's ardor. Next we were to be mounted and serve as country constabulary for the province of Santiago until the end of our two years' enlistment. Next we were to march from one end of Cuba to the other during the rainy season, so as to arrive in the rear of Havana in time for the autumn and winter campaign. Then the rumor came that an old troopship, the "Yucatan," had arrived in the harbor to take us back to Tampa. At this there was a wail of anguish throughout the regiment, for nobody had forgotten the horrors on board that ill-kept vessel, notwithstanding all the more thrilling experiences and downright hardships that had fallen to our lot since the disembarkation.

At last, one rainy afternoon, just after an unusually violent thunderstorm had driven the signalman stationed in the thicket near headquarters to seek shelter under an artillery caisson near by, I was summoned to the telephone-box in the bushes by the repeated ringing of the little bell.

"See what it is, orderly!" came the voice of the old general from beneath his dripping tent; so I pushed through the wet underbrush to the tree to which the box was fastened, and, putting the receiver to my ear, caught this message flashing along the wire through the splash of the tropical rain and the deafening blasts of thunder:

"Hello, number two, hello! Can you hear me? Here is a message for General Wheeler. Are you ready? Here she goes: Have five hundred and fifty men of your command march to-morrow morning. A train will be ready to take them into the city from Cavitas. Let the rest of the cavalry division follow on the following day. Transports 'Miami,' 'Matteawan' and 'Gate City' are ready to receive all your troops. Suspicious fever cases and those in same tents with suspects must be left behind. Shafter."

When I communicated this message to General Wheeler, he ordered his field typewriters to make manifold copies of it forthwith, and a few min-



utes later I was sent with a batch of orders to the different headquarters of the six regiments composing our cavalry division. In spite of the blinding rain and slippery mud, I drove the spurs into the sides of my Spanish pony in a manner to make him fly up and down the steep embankments of the gully dividing our camp, so as to do credit to the name of our regiment.

A few seconds later our regimental bugler sounded officers' call, the first to be heard through the rain, and but a few minutes afterward the high-keyed, vibrating yell which is characteristic of our Western plains arose from our troop and communicated itself to all the other troops of the regiment. Twenty minutes or more after I had returned to headquarters we could hear the dark troopers of the Ninth and Tenth cheering over the same piece of welcome news, and the cheering from the other commands came even later.

Two days after this we steamed out of Santiago Harbor, past the battered fortifications and sunken wrecks of the "Reina Mercedes" and "Merrimac," rounded Morro Castle, and sailed into the open sea toward Cape Maysi and thence homeward.

One poor devil of a Rough Rider did not share long in our ills or pleasures, for at midnight on the fourth day out he shuffled this mortal coil and his body was plumped into the sea after a brief religious service just as if he were a sailor, instead of a plainsman from the West. Afterward the band played "There'll be a hot time," George Walsh had been a sergeant in the first troop of the Rough Riders, after serving as a corporal in the regular army. He came to his death through sleeping out all night in the drenching rain that followed the storming of San Juan hill and the capture of the Spanish stores in El Caney.

This was the only incident of an otherwise smooth and peaceful passage, and even this was forgotten when, on the eve of our eighth day at sea, the American shores came in sight and a passing vessel announced to us that peace had been declared.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

## THE PAGO-PAGO COALING STATION

THE naval administration has at last awakened to the value of the long-neglected coaling station at Pago-Pago in the island of Tutuila of the Samoan group. Civil Engineer Chambers of the navy has been ordered to proceed to the spot and to make all needed preparations to receive six thousand tons of coal, and to put the station in such condition as to sheds and piers as to permit the prompt coaling of naval vessels.

Pago-Pago has been most illogically neglected for many years. The United States formally acquired the right to coal and refit in that harbor as long ago as 1873, by the treaty concluded between Captain R. W. Meade of the U. S. S. "Narragansett" and the ruling chief of the bay, whose native name and title is Maunga, the mountain, a most appropriate designation of the ruler of the precipitous crags and peaks which surround the bay. Seven years later, in 1880, the Samoan orator Le Mamea visited Washington and concluded a treaty with Mr. Evarts, then the Secretary of State. Le Mamea was until he died, four years ago, conspicuous in the petty childishness of Samoan politics as the nearest approach to a statesman who has ever had any connection with the administration of native affairs, an administration by turns tempestuous and shift. He had sufficient acumen to convince the Department of State that an error had been committed in negotiating the harbor treaty with a minor chief when there was a king and government in Samoa with which to treat. The plea was more specious than true—it involved a most important begging of an essential question in describing Malietoa as king of Samoa—but it seemed valid

in Washington and the treaty was concluded. Intent only upon securing the right to maintain a coaling and refitting station in the South Pacific, Mr. Evarts neglected to notice that the United States was taking first among nations the initial step toward the recognition of the small and imperfectly civilized kingdom of Samoa, which has continuously since that time caused to the three greatest powers of the world an absurdly disproportionate amount of worry. Solely to secure the negotiated rights at Pago-Pago, the United States found itself drawn into the complexities which brought this country to the very verge of war with Germany, a danger which was averted only by the act of Providence—the great gale which filled the harbor of Apia with wrecks and dead, which cost the United States the warships "Trenton" and "Vandalia." In this involuntary plunge into a foreign policy Pago-Pago was shoved into the background and forgotten, although it was to secure the harbor that the treaty was signed which led up to all the trouble.

The final settlement of Samoan affairs—the Berlin General Act of 1889, which created the present tripartite protectorate—confirmed the American right to Pago-Pago as a sole right. By the energy of the first consul-general, Harold Marsh Sewall, the Navy Department was enabled to purchase a tract of land on the bay. A small depot of coal was established, a shed was built to house the fuel, two lighters were built to carry the coal between shore and ship. The land bought was not sufficient in extent, it was commanded by heights which might be easily seized and fortified, no attempt was made to build a pier out to deep water; but these things frequently happen in government purchases. The small deposit of coal was gradually used up as the cruisers of the Pacific squadron paid their rare visits to the islands; no effort was made to replace the loss. The present supply consists of a scattered heap of culm and screenings which might amount in all to twenty tons of useless slack. The shed has fallen to pieces by the rotting of its timbers, the force of the wind and the theft of the iron sheets with which it was sheathed. The lighters hauled up on the shore have been left to rot, and would probably fall to pieces under the strain of launching.

Throughout the South Pacific no better site could be found for a naval station than Pago-Pago. Its position is so central as to make it available for fleets operating in the eastern part of those waters, for fleets operating to westward, and for those covering the great trade routes to the north and to the south. From the naval base at Honolulu it is eight days distant, from Auckland in New Zealand it is five days, from Sydney and the Australian coast eight days.

Thus conveniently placed, it is also unsurpassed in its local advantages. Although far in the torrid zone, it has neither debilitating heat nor endemic fevers. An unfailing supply of excellent water is found in every valley where the mountain streams rush down from the heights above. Fresh provisions—that is to say, pigs, taro, and the bread-fruit—may be purchased from the Samoans living in several villages on the shore, but all such transactions will have to be conducted at retail.

The harbor is a right angle among mountains. For nine months of each year the trade wind blows steadily at southeast, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning and continuing until shortly after sunset. During the midsummer months, from December to March, the trade wind ceases, its reliable breezes are replaced by dead calms, baffling airs and devastating gales from the northerly quarter. When the north winds are blowing high the harbor of Apia is unsafe and vessels must put to sea or seek shelter from the storm. The same is true of the neighboring bays on the same north coast of Upolu, Saluafata, which is reserved to the German navy, and Fangaofa, which is the British depot. In case of a gale during the hurricane season these harbors are as unsafe as Apia. But at Pago-Pago the cruisers of the United States navy are far differ-

ently situated. Between their anchorage and the dangers of the north wind is stretched a bulwark of high mountains. It may storm about the rest of the archipelago with the destructive violence of the hurricane, yet the waters of Pago-Pago remain unruffled. It is, therefore, the only harbor in Samoa which can be used at all seasons of the year. It is the only harbor in the tropical waters of the South Pacific of which this is true.

Tutuila is the most easterly of the three large islands of the Samoan archipelago, seventeen miles in eastern and western extent, narrow, high and jagged. Midway of its length it is almost cut in two, a shallow bay on the north coast answering to a deep bay on the south. The southern bay is Pago-Pago. It opens southward upon the unlimited Pacific. Before its mouth are no reefs or shoals or other outlying dangers; it may be confidently entered by night as by day, and with no concern as to tide or weather—a harbor of refuge. Between towering hills clothed in forest to the edge of the water the entrance is a full mile in width. It stretches inland between its mountain walls for some two miles until the view is blocked by the backbone ridge of the island. There, where an outlying crag in the channel bears the name of Goat Island, the bay bends westward between the central ridge and an outlying spur of hills along the shore. Far inland at the end of this second stretch of harbor is the Samoan hamlet of Pago-Pago which gives its name to the bay and the surrounding district.

The crag of Goat Island is part of the coal reserve; the remainder is on the mainland and immediately adjacent. It begins at the point of which the island is an outlier and extends along the southern shore of the inner reach of the bay; its inland boundary is a line following the summits of the hills in the rear. The water is deep enough for vessels of the largest type—a clear run of deep water from the ocean almost to the native hamlet far beyond this coaling station. But all the shore of this reserve is lined with a fringing reef of jagged coral which affords no landing for boats. For this reason the property covers a small piece about a quarter of a mile further along the shore where a sand beach affords good landing. The beach of the larger tract is a heap of broken stems and twigs of coral; every wave adds new material to it. In the years which have passed since the United States bought the land the sea has extended it many feet further into the bay. The Samoans are now claiming this unearned increment of accretion on the ground that the United States never paid for that, and that it must belong to their chief Maunga as lord paramount of the bay and its waters. This is a belief firmly held by them, and it presents a chance whereby difficulties may arise.

The Navy Department still has a portion of the original appropriation made by Congress for the establishment of this naval station on the lines suggested by Consul-General Sewall; there is still available more than fifty thousand dollars. To those who are familiar with Pago-Pago it is very clear that the first necessity is to enlarge the reservation to secure at least the lands which might be used to make the station untenable. The Land Commission has finished its labors in Samoa; the few parcels of land on Pago-Pago Bay confirmed to foreigners by the Commission are all that can now pass from native hands, for the Berlin Act prohibits sale of Samoan lands. Probably all these lands are to be had for a reasonable figure, for with the exception of those confirmed to the missionary societies the present owners are making no use of their property and are little likely to alter their state of idleness. And the Berlin Act provides also that this government, and no other, may acquire native lands at Pago-Pago according to its needs. Practically, therefore, any land that may be needed may be bought, for the Samoans and the white owners would jump eagerly after that commodity so extremely rare in Samoa—ready money.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.



THE VILLAGE OF PAGO-PAGO, SAMOA



UNITED STATES COALING STATION SITE (IN FOREGROUND)



CANADIAN YACHT "DEFENDER"



AMERICAN YACHT "CHALLENGER"

THE CONTESTANTS FOR THE SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN CUP, HELD BY THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE YACHT CLUB

(Photographs by NORMAN, Montreal)

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

WHEN the Morristown Golf Club IMPROVE- ascertained for a certainty that the  
MENT IN National Amateur Championship of  
LINKS 1897-98 was played, were the only true golfing  
links in the country. Whigham and McDonald  
have always claimed that the only true test for  
study the general plan and scope of all links, both in America and abroad, to ascertain, if possible, how the large amount of money which they had appropriated for changes in their links could best be spent.

They began to appreciate for the first time some of the claims of the Chicago men, that the Chicago links, on which the championship of 1897-98 was played, were the only true golfing links in the country. Whigham and McDonald have always claimed that the only true test for a golfer was distance, and that every hole should be so placed with reference to its Tee that it would require full strokes to hole out: that is to say, a three-hole would require a full drive and two puts, a four-hole a full drive, a full iron and two puts, a five-hole a full drive, two full brassys or irons, and two puts.

Eastern golfers accepted with bad grace the criticisms passed on their links (over which they had spent so much time) by these gentlemen. Tuxedo, Ardsley, St. Andrews, Manchester—in fact, all of the Eastern links—were condemned for this reason: these gentlemen violently objected to a hole where, let us say, bogie was four—that was so laid out that a good drive could not possibly reach near enough the green to go dead on the second shot, and where they were compelled to make a short second shot, then two out, arguing, with good reason, that their companions who had made a poor drive and a poor second shot were still on the green in two, and were in a position to hole out in two more, thereby halving the hole. Their term for such a hole as this was "A half-stroke hole." Whigham, McDonald and Douglass also deprecated the constant use of what they called an "obstacle hole," where the drive was over a great gulch or ravine, or over tries where the drive must carry the obstacle, and if well passed all

was plain sailing, but if the poor unfortunate was so unlucky as to get in the abyss, everything was all up with him.

Undoubtedly the Chicago tournament did much for the progress of golf in this country, for every Eastern player that attended the National Tourney in Chicago came back with much to think of. Morristown has undoubtedly taken on the idea of distance, and full distance at that, in all her changes; for as her new links now stand there is no longer course in any country, not even at old St. Andrews in Scotland. Everything has been done that human brains and money could do; and assuredly all golfers, no matter where they hail from, will have nothing but words of praise for her links, for they are certainly grand.

Who will qualify in the National THE GOLF Tournament this fall? Indeed this is  
OUTLOOK a hard question to solve. At present  
in America there are four distinct  
classes to be considered. First, the foreign-born  
players transplanted to this country, who are the  
exponents of the game as taught abroad, such as  
Whigham, McDonald and Douglass; next, the  
old-timers, who were the champions of the  
game when first started in the United States,  
who were taught or who taught themselves in  
this country, such as Toler, Tyng, Leeds and  
Travis; third, the intercollegiate champions,  
who have made such strides in the last two  
years, such as Curtis, Terry, Reid, the two Smith  
boys, Choate, Barger and Robertson; and, finally,  
the schoolboy, as represented by Hollins, Jr., and  
Clark. There is no doubt that a representative  
from each of these different schools will qualify,  
but what particular star will stay to the end?

Undoubtedly Whigham will play, and, if his war hardships have not undermined him, and he can get into sufficient trim, ought to win. Tyng and Toler have little chance against him: the intercollegiate players have not progressed far enough and are not as yet good enough to beat him out, and the younger fry have not the stamina to hold out. Thus, as far as first place is concerned, it should go where it went last year. The intercollegiate players ought to rank next; for they have the stamina to hold out, with a great deal of skill, and still improving. Of course, there will be some dark horses, for golf is a game of ups and downs, and where players are so even luck cuts quite a figure.

It will be grand golf, and much good will be derived. Playing the championships at Morristown will especially give a great impetus to the game, for it will be really the first chance that the great body of common, every-day golfers have ever had to follow the National Championships in this part of the country.

INTERNATIONAL RACING  
The preliminary steps in the way of an arrangement between the  
TIONAL Royal Ulster Yacht Club and the  
YACHT New York Yacht Club, looking  
RACING toward another of those interesting  
matches for the America's cup, have  
already been accomplished. The initial  
advance has been made, and made in such a  
manner as to go far toward allaying all fears  
of there being in the background some remnants of the old unpleasantness. There are however some papers and some persons in England who may, like Banquo's ghost, arise to the disturbance of the better-minded would-be hosts and guests. This will hardly now affect the negotiations, however. It is said that certain suggestions were made by parties still retaining a warmth over the old discussion, but fortunately those suggestions seem to have failed to prevent the challenge. Sir Thomas Lipton has suggested that a formal challenge for the cup will be sent, indorsed by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, through its secretary, Mr. Kelley, provided, of course, such a challenge is agreeable to the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Charles Russell will probably represent Sir Thomas in meeting with the officials of the New York Yacht Club. The boat will be designed by Fife, and will be called "The Shamrock." The cable has been received and the New York Yacht Club has replied, expressing a willingness to receive such a challenge and their pleasure at the prospect. Already there is an agreeable anticipation, and yachtsmen look forward to the receipt of the formal challenge eagerly.

The late unpleasantness, while it left an impression that will hardly be effaced, will in no way stand in the minds of the general public as a bar to the renewal of the contests for the America's cup. The days of the "Valkyrie III." will be soon as misty in the memory as is already the preliminary skirmishes with Mr. Ashbury and the "Livonia."

International yachting and the history of this cup properly date from the visit of the famous



Yankee schooner-yacht "America" to England on the occasion of the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace in 1851. The "America" was a keel schooner of one hundred and seventy tons, of ninety feet water-line length, twenty-three feet beam and eleven feet draught. She had an oak outside keel, with iron inside ballast. In construction, rig and fittings she was similar to the pilot schooners of that day—with extreme rake to her masts and without a fore-topmast. Her voyage across the Atlantic was taken in the early part of the summer of 1851, and was uneventful. On August 22 she sailed in a race against sixteen English yachts, seven schooners and nine cutters, the prize being a silver tankard of the value of one hundred guineas—the now well-known America's cup, then called the Queen's cup, although given by the Royal Yacht Squadron instead of Queen Victoria. The course of the race was around the Isle of Wight, the wind being light and variable, and the "America" came in far ahead of all her rivals. The cup remained in the possession of Colonel Stevens, one of the five owners of the "America," until 1857, when it was dedicated by them to the purposes of a perpetual challenge cup for international yachting competition, being entrusted to the care of the New York Yacht Club to hold under certain specified conditions until won by a foreign challenger.

The cup remained in the undisturbed possession of the New York Yacht Club until 1868. In October of that year Mr. James Ashbury, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owner of the schooner-yacht "Cambria," sent a letter to the New York Yacht Club, making a quasi challenge for the America's cup; but so many and intricate were the conditions that he suggested, and he so persistently ignored the terms of the deed of gift of the cup to the New York Yacht Club, that it was not until 1870 that the race was arranged. In this race the old "America" also competed. The "Cambria" was defeated, finishing tenth in a field of fifteen, while the "America" was fourth. It will be noticed that in both these regattas the races were against a field, instead of being boat to boat matches as now.

In 1871 Mr. Ashbury, as owner of the new schooner-yacht "Livonia," began a new pen and ink contest for the America's cup. After securing from the New York Yacht Club a waiver of the six months' notice requirement, he sailed from England in September of that year and the races were held in the following month. Mr. Ashbury came with certificates of representation from twelve different English yacht clubs, and proposed to challenge and race under the flag of each—twelve races in all. This precipitated another heated discussion, which resulted in allowing Mr. Ashbury a series of races, but held him to represent one yacht club, the Royal Harwich. The "Columbia," Franklin Osgood, Esq., owner, was selected as the "Livonia's" first competitor, and the race took place on Monday, October 16, the "Columbia" winning by 27 minutes 4 seconds. The second contest had the same two competitors, the "Columbia" winning by 10 minutes 33 seconds. In the third contest—between these same two boats—the "Livonia" was the winner by 15 minutes 10 seconds, the "Columbia" having parted her flying jibstay hook early in the race, and on the last leg of the course having her steering-gear carried away. The fourth race was held with the "Sappho," owned by Vice-commodore William P. Douglass, the "Sappho" winning by 30 minutes 21 seconds. The fifth contest was between the same two competitors, the "Sappho" winning by 25 minutes 27 seconds. In addition to these cup matches the "Livonia" also sailed a private match with Commodore James Gordon Bennett's "Dauntless," and was beaten by 11 minutes 3 seconds actual time, or 6 minutes 3 seconds corrected time.

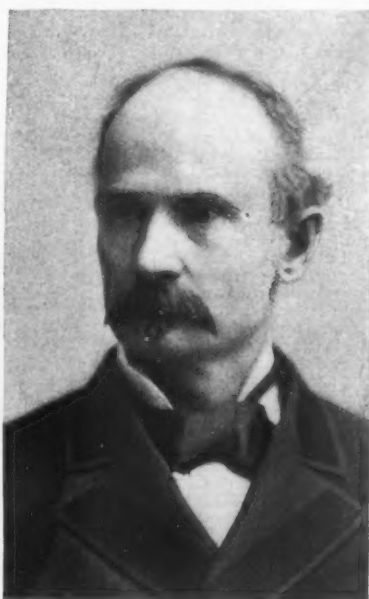
In 1876 Mr. Charles Gifford, vice-commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, challenged for the America's cup, naming the "Countess of Dufferin" as the challenging vessel. The schooner "Madeleine," owned by Commodore John S. Dickerson, was chosen as the defender, and the first race took place on August 11. The "Madeleine" won by 10 minutes 59 seconds. The second and concluding race took place on August 14, the "Madeleine" again winning by 27 minutes 14 seconds. This race was made historically interesting because of the unofficial participation of the "America," at this time the property of Gen. B. F. Butler. The "America" had been extensively altered, but evidently retained her old-time speed, as she also beat the Canadian yacht, by 19 minutes 9 seconds.

Up to this time the America's cup races had been sailed principally by schooners, although some sloops took part in the first two contests. In 1881 Captain Cuthbert, who had been one of the owners of the "Countess of Dufferin," challenged in the name of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Ont., for the center-board sloop "Atalanta"—a seventy-footer. The sloop "Mischief" was chosen as the defender, and the first race was sailed on November 9, the "Mischief" winning by 28 minutes 30½ seconds. The second and final race took place November 10, the "Mischief" winning by 38 minutes 54 seconds.

The later series of America's cup races begin with the challenge received in 1885 in behalf of the cutter "Genesta," and her defeat by the Burgess boat "Puritan." Next, in 1886, the challenge of the "Galatea," a sister vessel of the

"Genesta," belonging to the same owner, Lieutenant Henn, and both having been designed by J. Beaver Webb. The "Galatea" was opposed and defeated by the "Mayflower," designed—like the "Puritan"—by Edward Burgess of Boston. In 1887 the "Thistle" was defeated by the "Volunteer," another Burgess boat. A period of quiet resulted till 1893, when a challenge was received from Lord Dunraven for the "Valkyrie II." In the trial races to determine the defender of the cup the Herreshoff boat "Vigilant" was the winner and was selected to meet the "Valkyrie II." The latter was defeated by the "Vigilant" in the three races of the cup series. In 1894 Lord Dunraven challenged again in behalf of the "Valkyrie III," and the "Defender" was built by the Herreshoffs to oppose her. The races of these two boats were most unsatisfactory to Lord Dunraven, and the newspaper and epistolary controversies that arose therefrom suggest those formerly held with Mr. James Ashbury and Vice-commodore Gifford. The first race of the series was won by the "Defender," in the second the "Valkyrie" was disqualified for fouling, and Lord Dunraven refused to sail the third.

It looks as though we should see an added interest if all goes well in the building of a yacht for a second syndicate. There are a number of gentlemen who so thoroughly enjoy the sport of yachting as to lead them to sail their own boats



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT R. HITT.  
Chairman of Commission on Foreign Affairs and leading  
Member of the Commission on Hawaii.

in races extending over a summer, and not for one summer only either. And if the owners and sailors of some of these thirty-footers at Newport make up a syndicate of three to build a yacht, why should not the Herreshoffs try again—try twice?

Last week I spoke of the build of THE SEA—the Canadian defender. We have WANHAKA seen Mr. Duggan's boats before. In CUP RACE 1896 the Canadians sent the "Glencairn" as the challenger for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club's challenge cup, which was defended by the American "El Heire." The "Glencairn" won all three races. Mr. Herrick Duggan built and sailed "Glencairn," while the Messrs. Crane sailed the American boat.

Last year, in the trial races to select a Canadian defender over the course of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club at Montreal, five boats were entered. On the first day, owing to a high wind, the races were called off, but on the following day, August 3, six races were sailed. The "Glencairn II.," designed and sailed by the already victorious Mr. Herrick Duggan, was easily superior to the others, but the sailing committee of the club determined to have another trial between her and the "Avoca." This was sailed in five contests, of which the "Avoca" won two and the "Glencairn II." three. The "Glencairn II." was therefore chosen as the Canadian representative. There was some question here as to the American boat, the "Al Anka," designed by the Cranes of Boston, pressing the "Momo" hard for the place, but the latter was finally selected by the race committee. In the first race the "Glencairn II." fouled the stake-boat, owing to the breaking of her tiller, and the "Momo" won the race, as the hole stove in the Canadian boat's bow let in water. But the "Glencairn II." won the other three races easily, the heavy weather encountered being evidently entirely to her liking.

This year, as mentioned already, Mr. Duggan designed two boats—the "Dominion" and the "Speculator." That the "Dominion" is a catamaran, so called, there can be no question; but

whether she violated any of the rules is another matter, and he who runs may read and determine for himself:

Article III. Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement or size shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so-called twenty-five-foot racing length class or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called fifteen-foot racing length class of the Seawanhaka Club as such classification exists at the date of this instrument, or whose racing measurement or size, according to the rules of the club having at the time of challenge the custody of the cup, falls within the limits of size substantially corresponding to limit above specified.

Article IV. The representative yachts of the challenging and challenged clubs must be designed and constructed in the respective countries of such clubs. Centerboards or plates or sliding keels shall always be permitted in construction and no restriction shall be placed upon their use. All ballast must be fixed. The challenging and challenged clubs may by mutual agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, rules of measurement, sailing regulations, notices, or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminaries thereof, and may also, by mutual agreement, waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof; provided, however, that the limit of the racing yachts shall in no event exceed the maximum limit as established by this instrument in Article III, thereof, unless the consent in writing of the Seawanhaka Club to so increasing such limit shall first have been obtained.

For all that it is pleasant to learn from the subjoined correspondence that the American representatives had previously intimated that they would race in any event.

"The Sailing Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, per A. F. KIDDELL, Esq., Chairman:

"GENTLEMEN—The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club have instructed me to lay before you their opinion in regard to the eligibility of the yacht 'Dominion,' which, I am just informed, has been selected by you to defend the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. We are of the opinion the universally observed custom of classifying vessels with two hulls in classes distinct from one-hulled boats, as catamarans, should be considered as applying to the yacht 'Dominion,' inasmuch as she has two distinct immersed hull sections, and two separate water lines, constituting two hulls, which are connecting only above the water line. It seems to us that the reason catamarans were not specifically barred in the agreement was because the custom of classifying them separately was so settled as to amount to an unwritten law requiring no mention. Under these circumstances we feel obliged to make a formal protest against the selection of the 'Dominion' to defend the cup, and we appeal confidently to the Sailing Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club as the umpires to give this question a few and impartial consideration for the welfare of the sport in which we are all deeply interested."

"We cheerfully leave the decision in these races in your hands, and will abide by your ruling. We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

"The Race Committee of the S. C. Y. C.,

"ROBERT W. GIBSON."

#### WILL NOT WITHDRAW THE "DOMINION"

After due consideration, the following was sent by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

"TO THE RACE COMMITTEE, SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB:

"GENTLEMEN—We have given your letter of this date, conveying your opinion of the yacht 'Dominion,' mature consideration, and have had the advantage of a prolonged discussion re the matter with your representative, Mr. R. W. Gibson. We have reached the conclusion that the 'Dominion' comes quite within the terms of the declaration of trust and agreement covering the special conditions of the match for the present year. It is these terms which we have alone to consider and on which our decision must be based."

"We might be permitted to add that even from the point of view of ethical sporting principles the 'Dominion' represents a new and ingenious application of recognized features in yacht designing, and is a legitimate and logical step in the line of development of this type of yacht. We beg to express our hearty appreciation of her acceptance in advance of the judgment of this committee. We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully,

"The Racing Committee of the R. St. L. Yacht Club,  
"A. F. KIDDELL."

Protest notwithstanding, the "Dominion" sailed and won, and Mr. Herrick Duggan is once more king. Commodore Jarvis was unfortunate enough to make an error in the first race, but Mr. Duggan made none in handling his freak, and while the victory was one of a boat in a separate class from our "Challenger," it was decisive in showing that such a unique construction could more than make up for the superior work (on a broad reach or a free run) of the "Challenger" by the way in which, with one hull in the water and one out, she could go up into the wind.

It is too bad that the "Speculator" did not have a try with "Challenger."

#### COMMISSIONER HITT

THE leading member of the Commission which is charged with the duty of framing a constitution and body of law under which Hawaii will take its place as a Territory of the Union is Robert Roberts Hitt of Illinois.

Mr. Hitt is an Ohioan, who was born at Urbana in 1834, and is consequently in his sixty-fourth year. At an early age Mr. Hitt developed a taste for diplomacy, and was known to be an authority on international law. General Grant held his acquisitions in such esteem that he attached him to the body which was sent to Dominica to make arrangements for the annexation of that State, and afterward, in 1874, appointed him first secretary of the Legation to Paris. That post he filled for seven years, occasionally acting as chargé d'affaires in the minister's absence, and was recognized by the European diplomatic corps as a master of international politics. In 1881 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, but resigned that office to represent the Ninth Illinois District in Congress. He has been re-elected at each successive election ever since. When his party has been in control he has been chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was ideally fitted to carry out the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands.

# Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it

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**Without a Rival**  
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS  
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**Impaired Digestion**  
**Disordered Liver**  
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Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

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Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.  
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## THE SOLDIERS' HOME-COMING

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP WIKOFF, Aug. 15

WHEN the boys went away to the war there was the blare of the trumpets and all the martial pomp and circumstance to stir the emotions, but when they landed at the dock at Montauk Point, ragged, unshorn, and carrying flags all faded by the torrential rains of Cuba and torn by Spanish bullets, the heart swelled the throat, and when a man tried to cheer his voice broke.

"Back to God's country."

That was what was in their minds. They stretched out on the sweet grass and sighed:

"This is heaven!"

If it is not a terrestrial paradise exactly, Camp Wikoff is a bonny place for a man to get back his health and strength. The air that sweeps across it day and night is sweet to the lungs, and, as one poor emaciated fellow in the hospital said in a husky, tremulous voice:

"The sun feels good, don't it?"

It is all hills and hollows, and the roads down to Siboney could not have had many more rut-holes in them; but the wagon-wheels, as they crush the barberry bushes and the mint, express a fragrance that delights the nostrils of those who have been sickened for so long by the decaying vegetation and crushed land crabs of Cuban jungles.

As one climbs the steep long hill from the railroad station, just when he gets to the brow where he can look over into the camp of the Detention Hospital, a gush of perfume from a thicket of bushes of tufted flowers rises like a wave. The leaves and bushes are homelike.

To the civilian the interest is purely picturesque. Far away on the crest of yonder hill is the tiny figure of a trooper. Away over yonder a drove of horses browse on the lush grass as peacefully as if there never had been any San Juan or El Caney. The Great Pond and Fort Pond spread out their sheets like steel mirrors framed in water-lilies, and far off to the seaward a schooner hangs suspended in a wash of gray-blue that may be sky or may be ocean.

Then when night comes and the dark settles down—such dark as the dweller in paved streets never knows—the faint yellow tint that shines through the tent wall charms the eye. The camp-fires flicker and send up a thin golden spray of sparks, and the row of candles twinkling on a box outside a mess-tent seems a splendid illumination. As one passes he hears a roar of laughter responding to some joke, and then comes a loud clatter of a spoon on some tin thing and a cry of:

"Back up your cart here, you fellows!"

Then later comes the long-drawn melody of "taps," that a man remembers forever after he has attended a military funeral, and then all is black dark and still.

That is the picture it makes for the civilian who has never heard the "ping!" of the Mauser bullet sing over him or its vicious sound when it finds its billet in a bunk mate.

Lying far out in Fort Pond Bay are the ships that have brought back the boys, a yacht or two glittering white, and the "Restless" in the same leaden gray of the "St. Paul" and the "St. Louis." Barges are there, too, where the marine hospital surgeons bathe the men and disinfect their clothing with superheated steam, burning sulphur and formaldehyde. The men get new clean clothes, but nevertheless no chances of importing yellow fever germs are taken. One man—Oliver Longwood of Co. B, Ninth Infantry—died of that dread disease on the voyage home and was buried at sea just as the "St. Louis" sighted the villages of white tents sprinkled at long distances between the railroad station and Third House. The men from this ship were landed at the hospital dock on the east side of the bay, where the yellow flag swings lazily in the air. Sentries with wicked-looking Krag-Jorgensen fend off the curiosity of visitors, and though they say in the softest possible accents that one can go no further, one knows that if they are not the very same black fellows that took particular pains to obey the orders not to take prisoners any of the sharpshooters, they are the same kind. It is mainly malaria and dysentery, diarrhoea and typhoid fever that ails the men. Some of them anybody with half an eye can see are sick. They wear blankets on their shoulders, though the sun shines hot, and as they come down from the long

Costs You Nothing to Try It.

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Endorsed by Every Physician  
Who has Used It. Adjustable to Fit all Figures. Simple in Construction. Comfortable.

Ninety-eight per cent. of its wearers pleased. Thousands of them write like this:

Pine Forest, Alabama, May 30, 1909.

I was well pleased with my Brace from the beginning. After wearing it four weeks, I am delighted with it; would not exchange it for money or anything else. I send you a thousand thanks for it. I had suffered a long time with falling womb, painful menstruation, constipation, heart disease, backache, headache, bearing down pains, etc.

Mrs. W. B. McVary.  
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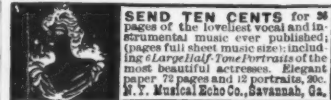
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dock from the transport they weave to and fro like drunken men. Under the tan of a tropical sun their pallor shows through a sickly yellow. That they have grown ragged, mildewed-looking beards makes them suggest more strongly the man who has been too sick to be shaved. But the clean-shaved fellows with round cheeks are not always as fit as they look. One of the Rough Riders, Charley Knobloch, is a case in point.

"Well, you don't look like a sick man," was said to him.

"No? My pulse is one hundred and three, just the same, and my tongue looks like it had been whitewashed."

To-day—Monday, August 15—these Rough Riders came on shore. It is hard to keep one's pen off them in spite of the best intentions to recognize the praiseworthy qualities of the regulars. But Theodore Roosevelt is such a picturesque character that when the "Miami" drew up to the dock by the railroad siding the crowd thronged thither and "yip-yipped" sporadic cheers as they caught the glint of his glasses as he leaned out of the pilot-house.

On the platform of a convenient car, just outside the line of sentries that guarded the disembarkation, stood Mrs. General Logan—who has seen a war that wrung the hearts of the people more than this one—Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. Colonel Downes. With infinite slowness the flight of steps that made the gang-plank for the transport was dragged into place. Then the band lined up on the upper deck, and the first tune that has sweetened the air of Camp Wikoff came—"Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." The hurrahs that had risen fitfully heretofore volleyed then.

Down the pier came a thin little man with a white beard, carrying a white helmet in his hand. If anybody had been in doubt as to who he was, it was soon settled: for a photographer, who had seen the little thin man carried from a sick-bed to the firing-line, shouted:

"Three cheers for General Wheeler and El Caney!"

By his side was Theodore Roosevelt, tanned to russet and so happy he could scarcely contain himself. He broke quarantine a dozen times, rushing hither and thither to shake hands. By-and-by, when his men were all down on the beach and he had mounted a horse, he said: "I have had a bully good time, but oh! I'm glad to be back. When I get time I am going to tell you about my regiment." By George! they are crack-a-jacks."

### ONE SPANIARD'S FORESIGHT

"It must not be thought that the bloody battles which are now transpiring in the United States will leave it impotent and helpless. Even if it came to the worst which could befall the country, the power of the country will not have been diminished. For this reason I ask and counsel the statesmen of my country to be ever watchful of the United States."  
—General Prim in 1862.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

### AMERICA'S ACHIEVEMENT.

The eyes of Europe and of the world have been opened to America's ability, as exemplified on land and sea in the last few history-making months. It is not only in martial matters that we as a nation are fast taking rank with the older powers, but in commercial matters, as well, we are surpassing ourselves and our neighbors "over the pond," especially in lines that have until recently been considered as belonging exclusively to foreign nations. The idea that France alone possesses the grape and the process for perfecting Champagne no longer holds. Experience has proven that Western New York State vineyards grow the grape as perfectly adapted to Champagne as any in France, and that the Wineries of the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Rheims, N. Y., bottle a Champagne every way the equal of imported, with the additional assurance of purity and healthfulness. The days when we went to Spain and Southern Europe for raisins, lemons, oranges and tropical fruits, passed away with the development of orchards in our own Florida and California. The day when we must go abroad for a Champagne worthy of ourselves has as surely been relegated to the past.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. **W. A. NOYES, 820 Posters' Block, Rochester, N. Y.**

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**WE FURNISH YOU** A large, handsome leather bound book containing large cloth samples of our entire line of Suits, Overcoats and Pants, a book which costs us several dollars to get up, also Fine Colored Fashion Plates, Instruction Book, Tape Measure, Business Cards, Stationery, Advertising Matter, your name on rubber stamp with pad complete. We also furnish you a Salesman's Net Confidential Price List. The prices are left blank under each description so you can fill in your own selling price, arranging your profit to suit yourself. As soon as you have received your sample book and general outfit and have read our book of instructions carefully, which teaches you how to take orders and marked in your selling price you are ready for business and can begin taking orders from every one. At your low prices business men, farmers, and in fact every one will order their suits made. You can take several orders every day at \$1.00 to \$5.00 profit on each order, for every one will be satisfied at your low prices.

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Sign your name on above line.

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"Oh, thanks, kind sir!"

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